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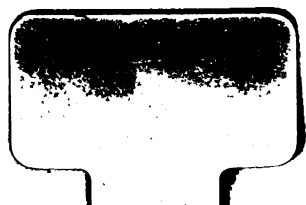
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The Granville Series.

READING
BOOK.

FOURTH STANDARD.

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The Granville Series.

FOURTH READING BOOK.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

in-ten-tion-al-ly, purposely.
la-ment-ed, mourned, sor-
rowed.

Mer-cu-ry, the messenger of
the gods.
com-pan-i-ons, friends.

1. A woodman was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and by chance let slip his axe into the water, when it at once sank to the bottom. In great distress for his loss, he sat down by the side of the stream and lamented bitterly.

2. But Mercury, whose river it was, taking pity on him, appeared before him. Hearing the cause of his sorrow, he dived to the bottom of the river, and bringing up a golden axe, asked the woodman if that was his.

3. Upon the man denying it, Mercury dived a second time, and brought up one of silver. Again the man denied that it was his. So diving a third time, he produced the very axe which the man had lost.

4. 'That is mine!' said the woodman, glad to have recovered his own; and so pleased was

Mercury with the fellow's truthfulness and honesty, that he at once made him a present of the other two.

5. When the man's companions heard this story, one of them determined to try whether he might not have the like good fortune. So going to the same place, as if for the purpose of cutting wood, he let his axe slip intentionally into the river, and then sat down on the bank, and made a great show of weeping.

6. Mercury appeared as before ; and hearing from him that his tears were caused by the loss of his axe, he dived into the stream, and bringing up a golden axe, asked him if that was the axe he had lost.

7. 'Ay, surely!' said the man eagerly ; and he was about to grasp the treasure, when Mercury, to punish his impudence and lying, not only refused to give him that one, but would not so much as restore him his own axe again.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

mur-mur-ing, grumbling.
re-quest, something asked for.
ap-pear-ed, came out so as to
be seen.

dis-cov-er, to find out.
out-wit-ted, tricked.
ter-ri-ble, great.

1. A fox once came to a meadow, where a herd of fine fat geese were enjoying themselves.

‘Ah!’ said he, laughing, ‘I am just in time. They are so close together that I can come and fetch them one after another easily.’

2. The geese, when they saw him, began to cackle with fear, sprang up, and with much murmuring and complaining, begged for their lives.

The fox, however, would not listen, and said, ‘There is no hope of mercy—you must die.’

3. At last one of them took heart, and said, ‘It would be very hard for us poor geese to lose our young fresh lives so suddenly as this; but if you will grant us only one favour, we will place ourselves in a row, so that you may choose the fattest and best.’

4. ‘And what is this favour?’ asked the fox. ‘Why, that we may have time to pray before we die.’

‘Well, that is only fair,’ said the fox; ‘it is a harmless request. Pray away, then, and I will wait for you.’

They at once placed themselves in a row, and began to pray after their own fashion, which, however, was a most deafening and alarming cackle.

5. In fact, they were praying for their lives, and with such effect that they were heard at the farm; and soon the master and his servants appeared in the field to discover what was the matter, and the fox, in a terrible fright, quickly made his escape, not, however, without being seen.

6. 'We must hunt that fox to-morrow,' said the master, as they drove the geese home to safe quarters. And so the cunning fox was outwitted by a goose.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

des-cried, saw.
flag, a water plant, a rush.

whit-tle, to pare or cut with a
knife.

1. They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The grey-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear-drop fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not
speak,
As each heart uttered a sigh.
2. For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag, and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.
3. Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said,—
'Mother, those empty chairs,
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-
night,
We'll put them for ever out of sight
In the small dark room upstairs.

4. But she answered : ' Father, no, not yet ;
For I look at them, and I forget
That the children went away.



'And with trembling voice he gently said'—

The boys come back, and our Mary too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

5. 'Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patchwork sews ;
At evening time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.
6. 'Johnny comes back from the billowy deep,
Willie wakes from the battle-field sleep,
To say a good-night to me :
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.
7. 'So let them stand there, though empty
now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In the heavenly home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away.'

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

en-camp, to pitch tents.

pre-vent, to hinder.

watch-ful, keeping watch.

glim-mer-ing, shining faintly.

reg-i-ment, a body of soldiers.

re-treat, to go back.

du-ty, what one ought to do.

ex-am-ple, a pattern.

Au-vergne, a province of France.

1. Many years ago two armies were at war with each other in France. They had not yet met in battle, but lay encamped not very far

apart ; although a thick forest prevented their seeing each other.

2. Night came on, and the French army planted their guards all round the camp, and kindled their fires to prevent their being taken by surprise. A young soldier of the army, with four or five more, was posted a good way from the camp, not far from the edge of the wood.

3. They loaded their muskets and commenced their slow watchful march, backwards and forwards, under the glimmering light of the moon. The regiment to which these soldiers belonged was called the 'Regiment of Auvergne.'

All was still for some hours, and they heard nothing but the beetle humming by, or a wolf howling through the wood.

4. Once, our young soldier heard a rustling sound among the trees ; he stopped and listened ; it ceased, he could hear nothing ; he moved on his beat ; again he heard it ; he waved to his companions to follow him, and, with his gun ready to fire, entered the wood.

5. It was very dark ; he went forward about a bow-shot, when suddenly, at an opening of the wood, four soldiers sprang on him, drove his gun out of his hand by a sudden stroke, and planted their bayonets at his breast, while one whispered fiercely in the darkness,—

'Give any alarm, and you die !'

6. The brave young soldier had fallen into the enemy's hands !

He stood for a moment; he thought of his sleeping comrades trusting to his watching, of his duty to his king, and then, drawing himself up, he took a long breath, and shouted with all his might—

‘Auvergne, Auvergne, the foe!’

7. The bayonets glittered in the moonbeam, and were buried in his breast.

He fell, but his cry was heard. His ear caught the sharp crack of his companions’ muskets as they fired the alarm, and soon the tramp of horse told him he would not have died in vain. He served his king nobly!

8. And you, my dear children, may take example from the young soldier. You have a King to serve—a heavenly one. Your foes are Satan and Sin. These you must fight against. Would you know how? Do as the young soldier did: **RATHER SUFFER THAN FAIL IN YOUR DUTY.**

THE CHILDREN’S HOUR.

oc-cu-pa-tion, employment,
work.

raid, invading an enemy’s
country.

tur-ret, a small tower.

ban-dit-ti, robbers.

scal-ed, climbed.

fort-ress, a stronghold.

dun-geons, close dark prisons
underground.

1. Between the dark and the daylight,

When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day’s occupations
That is known as the ‘Children’s Hour.’

2. I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.
3. From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.
4. A whisper, and then a silence :
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together,
 To take me by surprise.
5. A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall,
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle-wall !
6. They climb up into my turret,
 O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
 If I try to escape, they surround me ;
 They seem to be everywhere.
7. Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti !
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old moustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all ?
8. I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeons
 In the round tower of my heart.

9. And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !
-

THE MILKMAID.

to reck-on, to count up.
neigh-bour-ing, close by.

| trip-ping, walking with short
light steps.

1. A milkmaid was one day tripping gaily over the fields with a fine jar of milk upon her head. She was going to sell the milk at a neighbouring village, and pleased herself with thinking how much she would be able to get for it.

2. 'Let me see,' she said to herself, 'milk sells now for fourpence a quart: I shall certainly be able to get two shillings for all I have in this pail.'

3. 'Then with that I will buy some butter; and if I take it to market, I may be able to sell it for half-a-crown. That will buy me two dozen of fresh eggs, which I will set under our best hen. When they are hatched, there will be four-and-twenty fine young chickens.

4. 'In a couple of months they will be ready to kill, and I shall get half-a-crown a couple for them. Let me think; how much will that

make in all?' But as she began to reckon her gains, she quite forgot the jar which she carried on her head. Down it fell, and every drop of milk was lost.

5. She had to go home without her butter,



'Down it fell, and every drop of milk was lost.'

without her chickens, and without even her pail of milk. Her mother gave her a hearty scolding, and would often afterwards say to her, 'Daughter, remember the pail of milk. Do not reckon your chickens before they are hatched.'

DROVER AND THE TINKER'S DOG.

wor-ry, to tear as a beast
 rends its prey.
re-flect, to think seriously.
rogue, a dishonest person.
di-vert, to amuse.
mon-grel, of a mixed breed.
poach, to steal game.
high-way, a common road.
un-man-ner-ly, rude.
dis-cour-ag-ing, not cheer-
 ing, unpleasant.

grat-i-fi-ca-tion, pleasure.
mol-li-fi-ed, softened.
count-en-ance, good-will, ap-
 probation.
grat-i-tude, thanks for kind-
 ness.
gris-tle, a substance in the
 body harder than flesh, but
 softer than bone.
dis-com-pos-ed, made uncom-
 fortable, disturbed.

1. 'No wonder my master calls me sensible,' said Drover, who began to be proud of himself; 'he told the farmer yesterday he wouldn't part with me at any price, and I'm sure he wouldn't. Well! I've earned my character; for, as he says, I'm never idling when my work is ready; I never was caught worrying a sheep, as old Growler did when he got into a passion.

2. 'I never thieve, if I'm kept ever so long without breakfast. No; no one can touch my character; I have that to reflect on, and it gives my meal an extra relish to think I deserve it. Besides, I know my work so well.

3. 'When did I ever miss finding a stray sheep? or when did I ever let a strange dog come near my coat and basket? Why, I know a rogue at a glance; and he must

have more wit than most who could take me in. Ha, ha! take *me* in, indeed!' and he diverted himself with the thought as he munched his breakfast.

4. He was just preparing for his last bone—the largest and the best—when a slight noise made him look beside him, and there, outside the wicket, stood an ill-looking, half-starved mongrel, with a ragged ear and one eye.

5. 'It's the tinker's dog,' muttered Drover, 'a poaching thief; what does he want staring at me, while I am eating?'

But he could not order him off, as he was on the Queen's highway.

6. However, it so spoilt his breakfast, that in as polite a tone as he could manage, he begged him to understand his conduct was very unmannerly.

'Ah, sir,' said the tinker's dog with a sad whine, 'if you only knew what a pleasure it is to see you eat, you would not wish me to go.'

7. 'Pooh, nonsense!' said Drover, 'you won't make me believe you care to see any one eat but yourself.'

'That, of course, is the highest gratification; but when it is out of the question, there is comfort in beholding the happiness of others;' and the tinker's dog began to whimper.

8. 'Be off,' said Drover; 'you are a thief

and a poacher, and you know it; you are half starved, and you deserve it; and take my word for it, if you do live in spite of starvation, it will only be to be hanged at last.'

9. 'Oh, sir,' said the tinker's dog, 'how very discouraging! but the truth is, I came to you for a little advice; and however severe you may be, I will thankfully listen. Pray go on, sir, with that beautiful bone; I would not hinder you from it for a moment. I smelt it from the end of the lane.'

10. Drover was much mollified. 'Advice, indeed! How long will you follow it?' he asked.

'Only try me, sir,' said the tinker's dog, giving a sly look with his one eye at the bone.

'Well, then, leave off your bad ways; that's my advice, and live honestly, and work.'

'Oh, sir, if I'm only so fortunate as to get over this fit of hunger, I'll quite surprise you,' said the tinker's dog.

11. 'Give up fighting.'

'Ah, sir,' he replied, shaking his ragged ear and turning his blind side to him, 'see what fighting has done for me.'

'And poaching,' said Drover.

12. 'Poaching!' was the answer; 'why, I was out all last night and had a narrow escape of being shot. I lay close till the morning, and then, when my master found I came home with nothing, he nearly kicked my ribs in

and that's all I had for breakfast ; isn't it time I was sick of poaching ?

13. 'If I could only get through this sad business, and have the countenance and advice of a respectable member of society like yourself, I should, as I said, surprise you. But as it is, I must go, after I have had the pleasure of seeing you finish a breakfast you have so richly deserved, and die in a ditch—an example of the folly of bad ways.'

14. 'There !' said Drover, quite overcome, and standing away from his best bone, 'you may have it.'

'Oh, impossible !' said the tinker's dog ; wriggling through the fence, and seizing the bone, with his one eye fixed on Drover as full of admiring gratitude as it would hold.

15. 'You can be quick,' said Drover, who was still hungry ; and while he heard the tinker's dog eating—for he didn't look at him—couldn't help wishing he had come for advice when his breakfast was over.

'Ah, sir,' said he, with his mouth full of gristle, 'you have saved my life ; such a bone ! believe me, I shall never forget it.'

16. 'Well, then,' said Drover, 'now let me tell you what I think of your way of life.'

'You have told me,' said the tinker's dog, licking his lips and looking towards the fence.

'Well, but how to mend it ?' said Drover, in some surprise at his altered tone.

'You have mended it wonderfully,—with

that bone,' said the tinker's dog. 'I am quite another thing!' and he made for the fence.

17. 'Ay, but you wanted some good advice,' said Drover, discomposed.

'Quite a mistake of yours,' said the tinker's dog, who had now wriggled himself through. 'I wanted some breakfast, and I knew very well the way to get it was to ask for advice. Sensible as you are, I can see further with one eye than you can with two.'

18. 'But not to be ungrateful for that excellent bone, let *me* give *you* a piece of advice: Never trust repentance that comes from a hungry stomach, nor take compliments from a beggar.' And away he ran.

'I hope my master won't hear of this!' said Drover, looking ashamed.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

im-plor-ed, begged, asked
earnestly.
as-ton-ish-ed, surprised.

af-fec-tion-ate-ly, tenderly,
with love.
con-quer, to overcome.

1. The night was wild and stormy. The church clock struck nine; and, as the sound died away, the wind came with a rushing noise along the street, rattling the shutters and windows.

2. 'Oh dear!' said little Mary, starting up

from the floor, where she had been lying with her head on an old piece of carpet, 'I wish father were home.' And then she listened to the dreary wind.

3. 'He'll get so cold, and the wind will blow him about.' The poor child knew how weak he was after he had been drinking, and she felt sure he would never be able to stand up against the fierce wind that was blowing.

4. When this thought came to her mind, fear crept into her heart; and fear began to make pictures of dreadful things. In her imagination, she saw her father fall heavily on the pavement, with no one near to raise him up: then she saw him tumbling into the gutter, and the water rushing over him.

5. 'Oh, dear mother!' she cried, starting up and going to the window; 'father will be killed, he will! I must go for him.'—'You go for him!' said Mrs. Brown, looking astonished, as she well might.—'Somebody must go for him. He'll be killed!' said Mary, in distress.

6. 'Oh no, dear; there's no danger of that,' answered Mrs. Brown, trying to pacify her child. 'Don't be afraid.' But Mary's heart was not at rest.

7. 'I'll just look out and see if he is coming,' she said after a while. And then she went to the door, as she had so often done before, night after night, to watch for her father's return.

8. 'I'll look out just for a little minute,'

again said Mary, lifting the latch. As she did so, a gust of wind swept into her face and almost blinded her.

9. 'Oh, how it blows!' she cried, shutting the door quickly. But she held it close only for a moment or two. The thought of her father being out in such a storm made her open it again. And this time she bravely faced the wind and looked along the pavement as far as the next corner, where a street-lamp threw down its circle of light.

10. 'Oh, there he is!' she cried, and then, shutting the door behind her, she ran towards the gas-lamp, against which she thought she saw a man standing. But it was only the shadow of the lamp that she had seen; and her heart sank in disappointment. Down on her the wind blew so hard that she could scarcely keep her feet.

11. If Mary had thought only of herself she would have run home. But love for her father made her forget herself. So she stood close to the lamp-post at the corner, and looked up and down the two streets that crossed each other, hoping to catch sight of her father. But no one was to be seen. Far down one of the streets a red light shone from a tavern window.

12. 'Maybe he's there,' she said to herself; and as the words fell from her lips, off she ran towards the light as fast as she could go. Sometimes the wind beat so hard on her face

that she had to stop to take breath; but she kept on, thinking only of her father.

13. Love for him kept her from being afraid for herself. At last she got to the tavern door, pushed it open, and went in.

‘O father!’ she cried, as she caught sight of him, ‘I have come to take care of you in this terrible storm.’ The man darted forward, and Mary catching him by the hand, gently led him out, and implored him to come home.

14. ‘My poor child!’ he sobbed, as a few moments afterwards he placed her in her mother’s arms and kissing her affectionately burst



‘She implored him to come home.’

into tears. 'My poor child ! It is the last time.'

15. And he kept his word. The child's love had done what prayers, warnings, suffering and shame could not do. It had conquered a bad habit. Let each child learn from this lesson how strong is the power of love.

SPEAK NO ILL.

earn-est, sincere.
ef-face, to blot out.
es-ti-mate, opinion, judgment.
fain, gladly.
noble, elevated.

span, length.
trans-i-ent, fleet.
kind-ly, gentle, tender.
higher mood, a higher disposition of the mind.

1. Nay, speak no ill ! a kindly word
 Can never leave a sting behind ;
 And oh ! to breathe each tale we've heard,
 Is far beneath a noble mind.
 Full oft a better seed is sown
 By choosing thus the kinder plan ;
 And if but little good be known,
 Still let us speak the *best* we can.

2. Give me the heart that fain would hide,
 Would fain another's fault efface ;
 How can it please our human pride
 To prove humanity but base ?
 No ! let us reach a higher mood,
 A nobler estimate of man ;
 Be earnest in the search for good,
 And speak of all the best we can.

3. Then speak no ill, but tender be
To others' failings, as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a transient day,
No tongue can tell how brief its span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.
-

A GENEROUS ACTION.

ac-com-plish-ed, complete in
acquirements.

ad-mir-a-tion, respect.

gen-er-ous, kind, good-hearted
ne-cess-i-ty, need.

wist-ful, earnestly wishing.

1. Sir Philip Sidney was a gallant soldier, a poet, and the most accomplished gentleman of his time. At the battle of Zutphen, in the Netherlands, after having two horses killed under him, he received a wound while in the act of mounting a third, and was carried bleeding and faint to the camp.

2. Men wounded in battle usually suffer from extreme thirst; but water at such a time is not easily found. A small quantity was brought to allay the thirst of Sir Philip.

3. As he was raising it to his lips, he observed that a poor wounded soldier, who was carried past at the moment, looked at the cup with wistful eyes. The generous Sidney instantly withdrew it untasted from his mouth,

and gave it to the soldier, saying: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'

4. He died of his wound, aged only thirty-



'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'

three; but his kindness to the poor soldier has caused his name to be remembered ever since with admiration, and it will probably

never be forgotten while generous actions are justly valued by mankind.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

guest, a visitor.

stu-di-o, an artist's work-room.

gi-gan-tic, very large.

Green-wich, a town on the Thames.

ex-hib-it-ed, shown.

com-mis-sion, an order to perform a certain work.

per-se-ver-ing, constant.

ex-e-cut-ed, performed.

Shef-field, a town in the south of Yorkshire.

1. About one hundred years ago, in the year 1782, Francis Chantrey was born near Sheffield. His father was a poor man, and when he died little Francis helped his mother to gain a livelihood by driving a donkey laden with milk, which they sold in the town.

2. When old enough he was sent to a grocer in Sheffield, that he might learn the business. One day, as he was passing a carver's shop-window, he stopped to look at the things it contained, and was seized with such a longing to be a carver that he begged to be allowed to give up grocery at once.

3. His friends consented, and he was bound apprentice to the carver and gilder. His new master, besides being a carver in wood, sold prints and plaster models, and these Francis used to try to imitate. All his spare hours he spent in drawing and modelling, never wasting a minute ; he would even sit up till midnight working away at groups and figures.

4. At last he made up his mind that he would be an artist. He gave his master all the money he had saved to release him from his engagement, and made the best of his way to London. Here he obtained work as an assistant carver, that he might earn money to buy food, and spent his spare time in improving himself in modelling.

5. Among other work, he was employed to decorate the dining-room of Mr. Rogers, the poet; and years after, when the poor struggling boy was a great man, and dining as a guest in that very room, he used to point out to the other guests sitting round the table the work of his early years.

6. After working hard for some time he was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy. Even a defect in his sight, which must have been a serious hindrance to him, did not lessen his energy or his labours. He used to go to Sheffield from time to time to paint portraits and make busts, and once a confectioner there paid him five pounds and a pair of top boots for a portrait in oil.

7. When in London, he had a room over a stable as a studio, and there he modelled his first original piece of sculpture for exhibition, viz., a gigantic head. Many years afterwards a friend noticed this model lying in a corner of his studio.

8. 'That head,' said Chantrey, 'was the first thing that I did after I came to London.'

I worked at it in a garret with a paper cap on my head ; and as I could then afford only one candle, I stuck that one in my cap, that it might move along with me, and give me light whichever way I turned.'

9. Success now came in earnest to the hard-working artist. This head was so much admired by the great sculptor Flaxman, that he recommended that Chantrey should be employed to execute the busts of four admirals for the Naval Asylum at Greenwich, and this commission naturally led to others.

10. He executed a statue of George the Fourth, which pleased the king so much, that, patting Chantrey on the back, he said, 'I have reason to be obliged to you, for you have immortalised me.'

11. His statue of Lady Louisa Russell holding a dove in her bosom, is so wonderfully natural, that a child of three years old coming into his studio held up its little hands to the figure, and began to speak to it, thinking it was alive.

12. But perhaps the most beautiful of all his works is the monument of the Sleeping Children, now in Lichfield Cathedral. When exhibited at the Royal Academy it drew tears from mothers' eyes, and children lovingly kissed the figures.

13. Chantrey was not only clever and persevering, but kind and good ; he was always ready to encourage poor and struggling artists,

and even to give them a share of the money he earned ; and when he died, he left his large fortune for the promotion of the fine arts in his native land.

14. Four statues executed by Chantrey may be seen in London—that of William Pitt in Hanover Square ; George IV. in Trafalgar Square ; James Watt in Westminster Abbey ; and the Duke of Wellington in front of the



‘The Sleeping Children.’

Royal Exchange. He was knighted by the Queen, 1837.

15. He died November 25th, 1841, leaving many works unfinished in the hands of his friends and assistants. Chantrey was buried in a vault constructed by himself in the church of his native place, Norton, in Derbyshire.

LITTLE THINGS.

rep-u-ta-tion, character.
sculp-tor, one who carves
 figures.

as-tro-no-my, the laws or
 science of the stars.

sus-pen-sion, hanging.

pains-tak-ing, doing any-
 thing with great care.

in-ter-pret-ed, explained.

mi-cro-scope, the 'small-

seer;' an instrument which
 makes very minute objects
 appear large.

pyr-a-mid, a solid figure which,
 rising from a base having
 three or more sides, comes
 to a point at the top.

tel-e-scope, the 'far-seer;'
 an instrument which makes
 distant objects appear near.

1. The most careful attention and pains-taking industry always mark the true worker. The greatest men are not the men who despise small things, but those who improve them most carefully. Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor in his studio what he had been doing to a statue since his last visit.

2. 'I have retouched this part, polished that; softened this feature, brought out that muscle; given some expression to that lip, and more energy to that limb.' 'But these are trifles,' remarked the visitor. 'It may be so,' replied the sculptor; 'but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.'

3. So it is said of another celebrated painter, that the rule of his conduct was, that 'whatever was worth doing at all, was worth doing well;' and when asked late in life, by a friend, by what means he had gained so high a reputation in Italy, he at once answered, 'because I have neglected nothing.'

4. The difference between one man and another consists very much in their manner of observing. A Russian proverb says of a man who does not observe things, 'He goes through the forest and sees no firewood.'

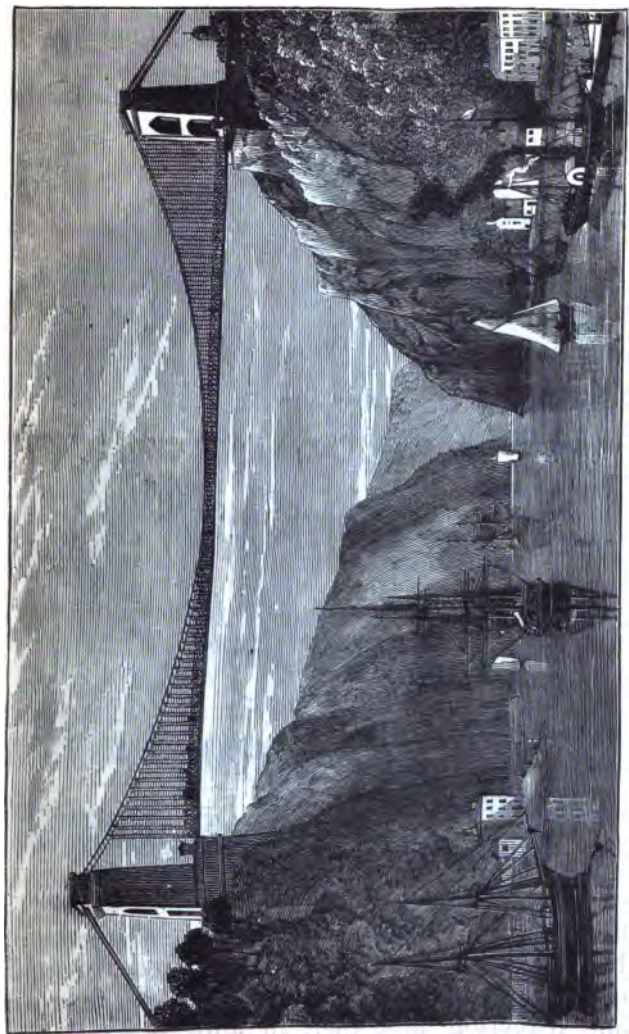
5. 'The wise man's eyes are in his head,' says Solomon; 'but the fool walketh in darkness.'—'Sir,' said Dr. Samuel Johnson, on one occasion, to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, 'some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage-coach than others in the tour of Europe.'

6. The mind sees, as well as the eye. Where unthinking gazers observe nothing, men of intelligent vision see into the very root of the matter put before their eyes, attentively noting differences, making comparisons, and seeing exactly what the thing means.

7. In this way the telescope was invented by Galileo, and this proved the beginning of the modern science of astronomy.

While Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning.

8. He saw a tiny spider's web suspended across his path. The idea at once struck him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be made in the same way; and



Clifton Suspension Bridge, near Bristol.

the result was the invention of the suspension bridge.

9. Brunel took his first lesson in forming



The Thames Tunnel in Brunel's time.

the Thames Tunnel from the tiny ship-worm. He saw how the little creature bored through the wood with its well-armed head, first in one direction and then in another, till the

archway was complete, and then covered the roof and sides with a kind of varnish ; and by exactly copying the work on a large scale, he was at length enabled to accomplish his great work.

10. It is the intelligent eye of the careful observer which gives apparently trifling sights their value. So trifling a matter as the sight of seaweed floating past his ship, enabled Columbus to put an end to the mutiny which arose among his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the New World was not far off.

11. There is nothing so small that it should remain forgotten ; and there is no fact, however slight, but may prove useful in some way or other, if carefully interpreted.

12. The famous chalk cliffs of England were built by tiny insects, detected only by the help of the microscope. Creatures of the same order have filled the sea with islands of coral. And who that studies such great results, arising from very minute causes indeed, will venture to doubt the power of little things ?

13. The close observation of little things is the secret of all true success in business, in art, in science, and in every calling in life. Human knowledge is but the gathering together of small facts, made by successive generations of men,—the little bits of experience carefully treasured up by them growing into a mighty pyramid.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

bay-on-et, a dagger fixed to a musket; so called from Bayonne in France, where the weapon was first made.
de-li-cate, fine.
en-shrin-ed, cherished.
lav-ed, bathed.

lin-ger-ing, delaying.
mates, companions.
mat-ted, twisted.
wan-der-ing, straggling.
waft-ed, conveyed.
ward, a room in an hospital.
yearn-ing, longing.

1. Into a ward of the white-washed halls,
 Where the dead and dying lay,
 Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
 Somebody's darling was borne one day—
 Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
 Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.
2. Matted and damp are the curls of gold
 Shading the snow of that fair young brow;
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
 Somebody's darling is dying now.
 Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
 Cross his hands on his bosom now—
 Somebody's darling is still and cold.
3. Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
 Murmur a prayer soft and low;
 One bright curl from its fair mates take—
 They were somebody's pride, you know:
 Somebody's hand had rested there;
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?

And have the lips of a sister fair
Been laved in the ripples of golden light.

4. God knows best ! he has somebody's love ;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay ;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.
5. Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart ;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And his smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
'Somebody's Darling slumbers here.'
-

GOOD WORK FOR ALL.

grat-i-tude, thankfulness.
dis-pu-ting, quarrelling.
splen-dour, grandeur.

bick-er-ings, little quarrels.
u-ni-ted-ly, all together.
throng-ed, crowded.

1. 'Puff and nonsense !' said the wind ; 'I'm
as strong again as you are !'

'I'd just like you to prove that,' replied
the rain.

2. 'Prove it! Why, I could do that very soon. I can blow chimneys off houses, send steeples flying off churches, wreck vessels, and do lots of other things; and just catch me on a sandy desert, and see how strong I am then!'

'It's all very well to boast like that, but let me see for myself, then I will believe you.'

3. So the wind began whistling and howling, blowing the dust along the dry roads, so that it almost blinded the people. The women drew their shawls closer round them; men held their hats on; leaves flew about in the air like little birds; chimneys and steeples were blown down; and vessels were tossed about and wrecked.

4. 'Do you mean to say that you could do that?' said the wind.

'No, I don't mean to say anything of the sort, because my strength is of quite a different kind; but I daresay I could do as much in a different way. Why, even the people don't care for you, for they come out just as if nothing at all was happening; while if I only just begin, they hurry indoors, and take good care to remain there until I have disappeared.'

5. Well, I should just like to see a little of your mighty strength now, and we will compare notes afterwards, and then determine which of us is the stronger.'

6. Then the rain began to fall, first slowly, in little drops, which seemed to disturb no one,

then faster, when ladies raised their umbrellas, and put on their waterproofs; faster and faster, until there was a very heavy shower.

7. Drivers stopped to put on their cloaks, and some, if waiting, covered up their horses; but, when all was arranged, they seemed to walk on tolerably comfortable, defying the weather.

8. 'Well, I don't think much of that!' cried the wind. 'Why, people have only got to put on a few things, and they can keep you off them as easily as possible.'

9. 'You see that schoolboy walking along with his umbrella so coolly, you'll find that I'll soon disturb him a little; I'll just give a good blow, and then you'll see which of us he cares for most.'

10. So it blew. At first the boy battled against the wind, carrying the umbrella as well as he could with both hands, but he soon put it down, and allowed the rain to soak his clothes.

'What do you think of that, Mr. Rain?'

11. 'Well, I know that you'll never acknowledge being beaten, so I won't try again. Anyhow, I am a great deal more useful than you are; why, if it wasn't for me what would the country people do for water? They quite depend upon my filling their buckets for them; besides, all the flowers would die.'

12. 'And nice and muddy you make it. If I choose, I can dry you up in half an hour, after you've been pelting at your very hardest.'

‘You couldn’t, if it wasn’t that you are helped by the sun ; he never helps me.’

13. ‘No, I must say I do wish I was like the sun ; everybody seems pleased when he appears, whereas we are always greeted by frowns ; but I believe they like me the better of the two, although I say it.’

14. ‘Now I’m positive they don’t ; for only the other day people in the church were praying that I might fall and moisten the ground for their crops, and when their prayer was answered, you should have seen their gratitude ! But see, we must not be caught disputing, here comes his majesty.’

15. The sun now burst forth from the clouds in all its shining splendour, spreading in an instant cheerfulness over all who beheld him ; for the moment all frowns disappeared, as their hearts welcomed him. Soon children came to play about, all looking like happiness itself ; the streets were thronged with people who came out to enjoy the sunshine.

16. But even the glorious heat of the sun was too much for some of them, for sunshades were put up, and some ungrateful people, who had only an hour or two before been complaining of the wind and rain, grumbled at the intense heat and wished it would grow cooler.

17. ‘Now,’ said the sun, ‘do you see the folly of your quarrels and bickerings ? Never grieve me again by letting me hear them so constantly. You see that even I, of whom

you were both just now speaking in such flattering terms, am despised and grumbled at by some.

18. 'We were all intended to be equally useful in our turns, doing good to everybody and everything; therefore, let us each do our very best, thus unitedly fulfilling the will of our great Creator.'

THE FOUNDER OF THE POTTERIES.

coars-est, roughest.
dis-ap-point-ments, hin-
 drances.
se-cur-ing, obtaining, getting.
cel-e-brat-ed, well known.
draughts-man, one who
 draws plans or designs.

ex-cell-ence, high quality.
im-port-ing, bringing goods
 into a country.
ex-port-ers, those who send
 goods out of a country.
fan-tas-tic, fanciful.

1. Josiah Wedgwood, the father of English earthenware, and the founder of the Staffordshire Potteries, was the son of a poor potter, and was left fatherless at the age of eleven, in the year 1741.

2. He never had any schooling worthy of the name, and all the education he afterwards received was got by his own efforts. About the time when Josiah began to work at the potter's wheel, the earthenware made in England was of the coarsest kind, being only plain brown ware, with the patterns scratched in while the clay was wet.

3. Most of even the commoner sort of ware had to be im-



Josiah Wedgwood.

ported from abroad, principally from Delft, in Holland, whence it was usually known by the name of 'Delft ware.' Porcelain, as the best earthenware is called, was chiefly imported from China. But by the year 1760

Wedgwood had discovered the art so long practised by the Chinese.

4. Before Wedgwood was successful, he had to endure many hardships and disappointments. His first great misfortune was the loss of his left leg, which had to be cut off, on account of some disease settling in it after he had caught the small-pox. He was now unable to work at the potter's wheel; but he set his wits to work to discover the mode of making porcelain like the Chinese.

5. Wedgwood was rewarded by the disco-

very of the important fact that a mixture of flint and clay becomes white when burnt in a furnace. He now set himself to manufacture white stoneware on a large scale, and as his wares were in great demand, he soon became wealthy.

6. He employed his money in working out improvements, and in securing the services of men of taste. He made for Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., the first royal table-service of English manufacture, and was afterwards appointed her 'Royal Potter.'

7. In producing his ware for the Queen's table he was greatly aided by a young unknown artist, afterwards the celebrated John Flaxman. Wedgwood having found out the art of making porcelain, was now desirous of getting the best designs or patterns for moulding his ware and making it beautiful.

8. So he went to young Flaxman, and said to him, 'Well, my lad, I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and clever designer. I'm a manufacturer of pots, named Wedgwood. Now, I want you to design some models for me: nothing fantastic, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. You don't think the work beneath you?'

9. 'By no means, sir,' replied Flaxman. 'Give me a few days, call again, and you will see what I can do.'

'That's right; work away. Mind, I am in want of them *now*. They are for pots of all kinds: teapots, jugs, teacups and saucers. But

especially I want designs for a table-service. Begin with that; I mean to supply one for the royal table. Now, think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty !'

10. The result of Wedgwood's labours was that the manufacture of English pottery, which he found in the lowest condition, became remarkable for its excellence; and instead of importing what we need for home use from abroad, we have ever since become large exporters to foreign countries.

SNOW.

beau-ti-ful, fair to look upon. | **in-flu-ence**, a power whose
dis-ap-pe-ar, to go out of sight. | work is not seen.

1. Snow, snow, beautiful snow,
 Falling so widely on all below :
 As heavenly gifts do ever—
 Filling each hollow among the hills,
 Hiding the track of the frozen rills,
 Lost in the gushing river.
2. Snow, snow, beautiful snow,
 Lying so lightly on all below,
 Garden and field spread over,
 White as a spotless winding sheet ;
 The flowers are lifeless, and thus 'tis meet
 The face of the dead to cover.
3. Snow, snow, beautiful snow,
 Melting so softly from all below,
 Into the cold earth sinking ;

Soon the last traces shall disappear,
And Spring, with carpets of flowers, be here,
And none of the snow be thinking.



‘Snow, snow, beautiful snow, falling so widely on all below.’

4. Yet greener the hollows among the hills,
And fuller the flow of the sparkling rills,
Since the snow with moisture fed them.

Thus when our lives shall melt away,
 Fresh and bright would their influence stay,
 If in holy deeds we shed them.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

un-ac-count-a-ble, the cause
 not known.

mys-te-ry, a thing not known.

con-tin-ue, to last.

a-non, now and then.

blun-der-buss, a short gun.

ad-just, to set right.

de-ter-mine, to resolve.

on-slaught, a fierce attack.

vis-i-ble, that can be seen.

as-sem-ble, to meet together.

dis-cov-er-y, something found
 out.

found-er, one who establishes
 anything.

1. A worthy old lady, who lived in the country several years ago, made a sweet wine for which she was famous, and carefully placed it on a shelf in the cellar.

2. The second night after this event she was frightened almost to death by a strange unaccountable noise in the said cellar. The household was called, and search made, but nothing was found to clear up the mystery.

3. The next night, as soon as the lights were put out, this dreadful noise was heard again. This time it was most alarming, a sound of squeaking, crying, knocking, pattering of feet, then a dull scratching sound, with many other such ghostly noises, which continued through the livelong night.

4. The old lady lay in bed with the candle alight, pale and sleepless with fright, anon muttering her prayers, and anon resolved to

fire off the rusty old blunderbuss that hung over the chimney-piece.

5. At last the morning broke, and the cock began to crow. 'Now,' thought she, 'the ghosts must disappear.' To her great relief the noise really did cease, and the poor frightened dame adjusted her cap and fell asleep.

6. The next night she determined to keep watch with her servants and some labourers well armed. The blunderbuss was taken down, the big dog was brought indoors, and they all sat ready to make an onslaught upon the ghost as soon as the noise began.

7. They sat expectant, but no noise was heard. Sure enough their warlike preparations had scared the ghost. They had gained a complete victory. The ghost was never heard again.

8. A few weeks afterwards some friends dropped in to take a cup of tea. Among other things, the maid was sent to get some of the wine from the cellar. She soon returned, and, gasping for breath, rushed into the room exclaiming, 'Tis all gone, ma'am!' and, sure enough, it *was* all gone. 'The ghost has taken it!'

9. Not a drop was left, only the empty cask remained, the side of which was half eaten away, and marks of sharp teeth were visible round the rugged margin of the newly-made bung-hole.

10. This discovery fully accounted for the

strange noises the dame had heard. The rats in the cellar had found out the wine, and had taken means to let all the other rats in the parish know.

11. They assembled, and, being quite a family party, succeeded in finishing the wine in two nights, getting very tipsy in the process, which accounted for the strange noise they made.

12. They had first gnawed the cork, and then, as the wine got lower, the wood to the level of the wine, and so on until the cask was empty. Having got all they could, they returned like wise rats to their respective homes, little dreaming that their merry-making had nearly been the death of the 'founder of the feast.'

THE EMIGRANT'S DEPARTURE.

Em-i-grant, one who leaves
his own country to go to a
foreign land.

scat-ter-ed, strewn about.

min-gles, mixes.

scant-y, not enough, small.

cau-tion-ed, warned.

a-bid-ing, lasting.

1. There is bustle in the cottage,
There are boxes at the door,
Signs of parting and of packing
Scattered on the kitchen floor.
Yes, the labourer is leaving
All that he has loved so well,
With his wife, half pleased, half grieving,
In another land to dwell.

2. Ah ! 'tis hard, 'tis hard the parting,
Hard, indeed, to say good-bye
To the cottage—to the churchyard
Where the dear old people lie.
But hope mingles with the sorrow :
Who has not a wish to roam ?
And he leaves the house to-morrow
That will never more be home.
3. Scarcely ten miles has he ventured
From the little village pond,
Knows he nothing of the wide world
That is stretching far beyond !
But the work at home is scanty,
Bread is high and wages low :
That his children may have plenty,
He has gathered strength to go.
4. Courage, friend ! the world's before you ;
Go ; be hearty, brave, and bold ;
There is honest labour for you,
Labour paid in yellow gold.
There are lands which you may dwell in,
Where your sons may shoot and spread,
With small fear of useless striving
For a living when you're dead.
5. Yet, remember, there's a kingdom
You are cautioned first to seek ;
He who rules there gives His treasures
To the pure, the just, the meek.

All the wealth that here you gather
 You can never take away ;
 Store up these abiding riches
 In the land of lasting day.

THE SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

ac-com-plish-ed, performed.
 de-ten-tion, being kept back.
 e-quip, to fit out.
 ex-plor-ing, searching, ex-
 mining.
 freight, cargo, load.
 il-lu-min-at-ed, lighted up.

im-pris-on-ment, confine-
 ment.
 nav-i-ga-tors, sailors.
 sal-voes, firing of cannon.
 im-pass-a-ble, not to be
 passed through.

1. One night in April 1880, there was an unusual stir in the streets and about the harbour of the city of Stockholm. The good ship *Vega* was returning to the capital of Sweden, with its freight of adventurers and men of science, after having spent twenty-two months in exploring Arctic ice-fields and tropical seas, and the whole city had turned out to give her welcome.

2. Two hundred steamers followed in the wake of the stout craft that had come safely through a thousand dangers to which 'home-keeping' vessels are never exposed. The beautiful approaches to the capital were ablaze

with light, and the city itself was illuminated. At an hour when the staid inhabitants are generally in bed, the whole population, together with thousands of strangers, was astir in the streets.

3. The Court, the municipality, the learned professions, and the scientific bodies, vied with the people in showering favours on the weather-beaten navigators; and fireworks flashed and cannon boomed, as though some 'glorious victory' were being celebrated.

4. And a great victory it was, though differing wholly from those that in other days have made Sweden famous. It is a bloodless triumph of which a nation of poetic imagination and daring spirit has at least as just reason to be proud as of the hardest-won of the many heroic conflicts in its annals.

5. Though Sweden has wisely chosen for many years past to tread the paths of peace, she has found an opportunity of proving that daring and endurance are still noted qualities of her sons; while her neighbours will view this latest example of Scandinavian bravery with no other feeling than that of healthy and admiring rivalry.

6. The leader and soul of the expedition was Adolph Eric Nordenskjöld; and its object was to find whether it was possible to establish communication by sea between the mouths of the great Siberian rivers, the Obi and the Yenisei, and the ports of Europe.

7. The explorer was satisfied that this could be done; and a few rich men, headed by the King of Sweden, supplied the funds required to equip the *Vega*.

8. Nordenskjöld had prepared himself for his task by repeated voyages into the seas lying north of Sweden and Russia. He had made no fewer than five voyages to Spitzbergen and Greenland. The sea of Kara had always been regarded as impassable, but he had safely sailed through it twice, and had proved it to be navigable. He believed the Arctic Ocean to be quite as open.

9. The *Vega* left the coast of Norway in July 1878. Before the end of the month she entered the sea of Kara, and found it free of ice. On the 19th of August she doubled the most northern point of the continent of Asia, and the crew startled with their triumphant salvoes a great white bear, that was the only witness of their feat.

10. On the 28th of September the *Vega* was within two days' sail of Behring Strait; but winter suddenly setting in, held her icebound for many months.

11. The time of imprisonment was not lost. The winter was spent profitably in studying the forms of life that abound in the Arctic regions; and some important additions have thus been made to scientific knowledge.

12. Not till two hundred and ninety-four days after they had been caught by the ice

were they able to weigh anchor again, and to round at length the most eastern point of Asia. They thus solved the problem at which



‘ Winter suddenly descended, and held her icebound.’

seamen of all the northern nations had been labouring for upwards of three centuries.

13. No member of the expedition died ; no one’s health was injured ; and the stout vessel did not receive the slightest damage.

The news of the triumph was first spread abroad on the arrival of the steamer at Japan.

14. There, and at all the places at which they called on their homeward voyage, the daring explorers were received with joyous displays—more especially when, reaching European waters again, they visited Naples, Lisbon, London, and Paris.

15. The *Vega* returned home by the Indian Ocean, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean. She has thus the honour of having been the first vessel to sail right round the continent of Europe and Asia. But for her detention near the North-East Cape, she would easily have accomplished the voyage in the course of six months.

16. The feat as it stands, however, with the prospects it holds out for the development of the vast resources of Siberia—the ‘great North-East’ of Russia—is not only grand, but of very great importance to science and commerce.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

hus-band-man, one who tills the soil.

nip-ping, keen.

pur-chase, to buy.

de-fend-ers, those who take care of or protect us.

strand, the beach.

teem-ing, plentiful.

1. What joy attends the fisher's life !
The fisher and his faithful wife.

He drives no plough on stubborn land,
His fields are ready to his hand ;
No nipping frosts his orchards fear,
He has his autumn all the year.



‘The Fisher and his faithful wife.’

2. The husbandman has rent to pay,
And seed to purchase every day ;
But he who farms the rolling deeps,
Though never sowing, always reaps.

The ocean-fields are fair and free,
There are no rent-days on the sea.

3. Then joy attend the fisher's life !
The fisher and his faithful wife.
May favouring breezes fill his sail,
His teeming harvests never fail !
And from his cottage on the strand,
Come forth defenders of our land.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

in-val-id, a sick person.

com-posed, made up, put together.

an-nounc-ing, making known.

plaint-ive, sad, touching.

mel-o-dy, an air, or tune.

af-fec-tion, love.

af-flic-tion, trouble.

ac-com-plish-ed, very clever.

1. In a humble room in one of the poorest streets of London little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the house ; and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits.

2. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger : and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes ; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother

as a good sweet orange ; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

3. The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed, with air and words—for the child was a genius. He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

4. ‘Oh, if I could only go!’ thought little Pierre ; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands ; his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

5. ‘Who did you say is waiting for me?’ said the lady to her servant. ‘I am already worn out with company.’

‘It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment.’

‘Oh ! well, let him come,’ said the beautiful singer, with a smile ; ‘I can never refuse children.’

6. Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and, bowing, said—‘I came to see you because my mother is very

sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may-be some publisher would buy it for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother.'

7. The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was. She took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air. 'Did you compose it?' she asked—'you, a child? And the words? Would you like to come to my concert?' she asked, after a few moments of thought.

8. 'Oh yes!' and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness, 'but I couldn't leave my mother.'

'I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me.'

9. Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

10. When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks

bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face.

11. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breathless he waited. The band—the whole band—struck up a little plaintive melody. He knew it, and could hardly refrain from clapping his hands for joy.

12. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and nought could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching!

13. Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

14. The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, 'Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has made a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits.'

15. The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. Pierre, always mind-

bewildered his eyes came; and the riveted upon her

11. Could he hear all blazing with jewels seemed to worsen song? Breathless the whole band—the melody. He knew from clapping his

12. And oh, how simple, so mournful a bright eye could be heard on song—oh, how

13. Pierre walked ing on the air. The greatest little song, and grief.

14. The visit from his hand on his sick woman's brow

ful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

16. The memory of the prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

17. All honour to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow and to the fatherless child!

THE SANDS OF DEE.

crawl-ing, creeping slowly.
cru-el, without pity.
foam, spray.

maid-en, a girl.
tress, lock or ringlet of hair.
rowed, pulled in a boat.

1. 'O Mary! go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands of Dee.'

The western wind was wild and dark with
 foam,
 And all alone went she.



'O Mary ! go and call the cattle home.'

2. The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land,
 And never home came she.
3. 'Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea?'
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes of Dec.
4. They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea.
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
 home
 Across the sands of Dec.

THE CAMEL.

car-a-van, a company of travellers journeying together for security in crossing the desert.

drom-e-da-ry, the one-humped camel.

noise-less-ly, without sound.

pri-va-tion, hardship.

im-pass-a-ble, incapable of being passed.

en-dur-ance, power of bearing fatigue.

1. The camel is the chief servant of man
 Arabia and the hot sandy deserts of Africa.

Its feet are padded with a spongy cushion of flesh, by which it travels noiselessly along over the loose sand of the desert, where the hard hoof of the horse would sink at every step.

2. Its nostrils are in the form of slits, which the animal can open and shut as it pleases, either to breathe the air, or to exclude the scorching sand. Its stomach is formed with cells like a honeycomb, so as to be capable of keeping a supply of water for future use.

3. There are two kinds of camels; one has two humps on its back, whilst the other has only one. The one-humped camel is mostly employed in Arabia and Africa, and the two-humped camel throughout Central Asia.

4. In the same manner that some horses are bred to run fast and others to draw heavy loads, so there are two distinct breeds of camels, both of the one-humped and the two-humped species. The lighter and fleetier kind, used only for riding, is called a dromedary.

5. The camel is by no means a swift animal; even a dromedary will seldom travel more than ten miles an hour, but its power of endurance, or 'lasting out,' is so wonderful that it can keep up this pace for twenty hours without stopping.

6. The hump on a camel's back is a sure sign of its power of endurance. If it is large and full, then the animal can endure an amazing amount of fatigue. The Arabs say that the

camel feeds upon his hump; and this is so far true that during a long, painful journey across the desert, the hump will grow less and less until it almost vanishes.

7. Thus it appears that the camel is formed for periods of privation, since it is able to take an extra stock of water into its stomach, and to store up fat for future use in the hump on its back.

If the Creator had not formed an animal like the camel, the great sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia would be impassable.

8. An Arabian or Egyptian merchant could no more send his spices, balm, myrrh, and other merchandise across one of these deserts without the camel, than an English merchant could send his manufactured goods across the ocean without a ship. Hence the camel has been well named 'the ship of the desert.'

9. Just as there are islands in the sea, so there are fertile spots, or *oases*, in the desert, where there is a fountain of water, and perhaps herbage and palm trees. But should there be only prickly shrubs, like our furze, thistle, or thorn, growing there, yet the camel will contrive to browse upon them.

10. If the fountain in the oasis should unfortunately be dried up, the camel, though sorely disappointed, will eat his dry supper in sulky patience, and even continue his toilsome journey for three or four days without a drop of water to quench his thirst. So acute is the



A Caravan crossing the Desert.

scent of these creatures, they can detect the presence of water by sniffing the air when nearly two miles distant.

11. However tired they may be from their painful exertions under heavy baggage in a burning sun, they always manage to quicken their pace as they approach a fountain in some oasis on the route.

The merchants cross the deserts in large companies called *caravans*.

12. This mode of travelling is adopted for mutual help and protection. These caravans frequently consist of several hundred men, and as many as three thousand camels, each carrying a load three or four hundred pounds in weight. One important part of the baggage consists of immense water-skins.

13. In Asia the camels go in single file, often preceded by an ass bearing a tinkling bell. The camels also are often provided with a large bell, which produces a soft and pleasing sound, blended at times with the songs of the drivers.

14. Crossing a desert, however, is at best a dismal and wearisome task. Often some poor camel sinks down with fatigue and thirst to die upon the sand, when it becomes food for vultures and other birds of prey. Travellers in the desert often come across the skeleton of some wretched camel that had fallen to rise no more.

THE EMPEROR'S DRIVE.

em-bas-sy, persons sent to another country with a public message.

am-bas-sa-dor, the chief man in an embassy.

dip-lo-mat-ic, relating to state messages.

ce-les-ti-al, relating to heaven ; also applied to China.

spec-ta-cle, a sight.

ham-mer-cloth, the cloth on the box of a coach.

im-pe-ri-al, relating to an emperor.

un-an-i-mous-ly, with one voice.

dis-loy-al-ty, want of respect for a king or queen ; faithlessness.

cup-id-i-ty, greediness.

1. Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy to China was a state coach. It had been specially chosen as a personal gift by George III. ; but the exact mode of using it was a very great mystery to Peking.

2. The ambassador, indeed (Lord Macartney), had given some imperfect explanations upon this point ; but as his Excellency mentioned these in a diplomatic whisper at the very moment of his departure, the Celestial intellect was very feebly enlightened, and it became necessary to call a Cabinet Council on the grand state question, ' Where was the Emperor to sit ? '

3. The hammercloth happened to be unusually grand ; and, partly on that account, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, was nearest to the moon, and certainly went foremost, it was resolved

that the box was the Imperial throne, and as for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch.

4. The horses, therefore, being harnessed, solemnly His Imperial Majesty ascended his new English throne under a flourish of trumpets, having the First Lord of the Treasury on his right hand, and the chief jester on his left.

5. Pekin gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people there was but one discontented person, and that was the coachman. This individual would shout out, 'Where am I to sit?' but the Privy Council, angered by his disloyalty, opened the door, and kicked him into the inside.

6. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the cupidity of ambition, that still he was not happy. 'I say,' he cried out to the Emperor through the window—'I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?'

7. 'Anyhow,' was the Imperial answer; 'don't trouble me, man, in my glory,—how catch the reins?—why, through the windows—through the keyholes—anyhow!'

Finally, this obstinate coachman lengthened the check-strings into a sort of jury-reins communicating with the horses. With these he drove as steadily as Pekin had any right to expect.

8. The Emperor returned after the briefest of circuits; he descended in great pomp from

his throne, with the strongest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for His Majesty's happy escape from the disease of broken neck, and the state-coach was dedicated thenceforward as a votive offering to the god Fo, Fo—whom the learned more accurately called Fi, Fi.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

re-buke, to reprove by words.

chide, to scold.

debt-or, one who owes a debt.

breach of faith, breaking
one's word.

stern, harsh, severe.

vir-tu-ous, good.

re-sent-ment, wrath, anger.

un-a-vail-ing, useless.

1. If Fortune, with a smiling face,
 Strew roses on our way,
 When shall we stoop to pick them up?—
 To-day, my friend, to-day.
 But should she frown with face of care,
 And talk of coming sorrow,
 When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?—
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

2. If those who have wronged us own their
 fault,
 And kindly pity pray,
 When shall we listen and forgive?—
 To-day, my friend, to-day.

But if stern justice urge rebuke,
 And warmth from memory borrow,
 When shall we chide, if chide we dare?—
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

3. If those to whom we owe a debt
 Are harmed unless we pay,
 When shall we struggle to be just?—
 To-day, my friend, to-day.
 But if our debtor fail our hope,
 And plead his ruin thorough,
 When shall we weigh his breach of faith?—
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

4. For virtuous acts and harmless joys
 The minutes will not stay;—
 We have always time to welcome them
 To-day, my friend, to-day.
 But care, resentment, angry words,
 And unavailing sorrow,
 Come far too soon, if they appear
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

A NOBLE ACTION REWARDED.

dire, fearful.

ex-pert, clever.

frag-ment, pieces left.

re-fus-al, denial.

be-reave-ment, being de-
 prived of friends by death.

des-o-late, lonely.

dawns, breaks, begins.

hes-i-ta-tion, doubt.

res-cu-ed, saved.

re-cog-ni-tion, knowing again.

ob-serv-ed, noticed.

mourn-ed, grieved for.

1. A terrible storm is sweeping along the
 coast of Devonshire. The Teignmouth life-

boat is preparing to make its way to a foreign vessel which, at some short distance from the land, is showing signs of dire distress.

2. The life-boat crew is complete, with the exception of one man. Young Ned Carey, a Teignmouth fisher lad and an expert sailor, is offering to fill the vacant place. But first he bends down gently to a woman who stands beside him, and says to her in a clear, brave voice, 'Mother, you will let me go?'

3. The mother had been a widow only six months. Her husband was a fisherman. He put out one bright day in spring for the last time in a fishing-boat upon a calm sea. A sudden squall came on; broken fragments of the boat were seen next morning, but the fisherman returned no more.

4. A fierce refusal rises to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly towards the distressed vessel. She thinks of the many loved lives in danger within it, and of many distant homes in peril of bereavement. She turns to her boy, and in a voice calm and courageous as his own, 'Go, my son,' said she, 'and may God bring you safe back to your mother's heart.'

5. Hurriedly she leaves the beach, and seeks her desolate home; and alone she thinks of her old sorrow and of her new fear.

6. Morning dawns again. The storm has spent itself. The waves are tossing their heads, but the worst fury of the sea is over.

A fine vessel has gone down upon the waters, but the Teignmouth life-boat has nobly fulfilled its noble task, and all hands on board the vessel have been saved.

7. Why does Ned Carey linger in hesitation outside his mother's door? He has shown himself the bravest of the brave throughout



The life-boat going to the rescue.

the night. Why does he shrink from the proud welcome that awaits him from the heart nearest to his own.

8. Beside him stands a tall worn man; a man whom he has rescued from a watery grave; a man whose eyes, full of tenderness, never leave his own. Around the two throng Teignmouth villagers. Many hands are thrust

towards the man in happy recognition. 'Who will dare to tell her?' So speaks a voice well-nigh choked with emotion. 'I will!' and Ned Carey in another moment is in his mother's arms.

9. 'Mother, listen. I have a tale for your ears. One of the men saved last night is a Teignmouth fisherman. A fearful storm had overtaken him upon the sea several months ago. He was observed and saved by a foreign vessel. The vessel was outward bound. Away from home, from wife, from friends, the man was forced to sail. By his wife and friends he was mourned as dead.

10. 'He arrived at the vessel's destined port only to set sail again with the first ship bound for England. Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a storm was raging on sea and land, and once more the man stood face to face with a terrible death. Help came in his need. Mother, try to bear the happy truth.

11. 'When your brave heart—a heart which in the midst of its own sorrow could feel for the sorrows of others, sent me forth last night, you knew not—how should you know?—that you sent me to the rescue of my dear father's life.' Not another word is spoken. A step is heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside. With a cry of wild joy the mother rushes forward and falls into his arms.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

Nor-man's Woe, a half-sunken reef of rocks not far from the port of Boston in North America.

break-ers, waves broken by dashing over rocks.

schoon-er, a ship with two masts.

skip-per, the captain of a merchant ship.

flax, a plant, from the stalks of which linen is made. It bears a blue flower.

a-main, with great force.

ca-ble, a rope to hold a ship at anchor.

shud-der, to shiver with fear.
weath-er, here means to endure.

spar, a small beam.

sleet, snow and rain together.

reef, a ridge of rocks in the sea near the surface.

drift, to be driven before the wind.

whoop-ing, shouting.

fleec-y, white like wool.

card, to comb wool.

gore, to wound with horns.

a-ghast, struck with fear.

lash-ed, tied.

bil-low, a wave.



'His little daughter.'

1. It was the schooner Hesperus

That sailed the wintry sea,

And the skipper had taken his little daughter

To bear him company.

2. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,

Her cheeks like the dawn of day,

And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds

That ope in the month of May.

3. Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in her strength ;

She shuddered and paused like a frightened
steed,

Then leaped her cable's length.

4. 'Come hither, come hither, my little
daughter,

And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.'

5. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
coat

Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.

6. 'O father! I hear the church bells
ring;

Oh, say what may it be?'
'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!—
And he steered for the open sea.

7. 'O father! I hear the sound of guns;

Oh, say what may it be?'
'Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!'

8. 'O father! I see a gleaming light;

Oh, say what may it be?'
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

9. And fast through the midnight, dark and
drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
T'wards the reef of Norman's woe.
10. To the rocks and breakers right ahead
She drifted, a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.
11. She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.
12. At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.
13. The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-
weed,
On the billows fall and rise.
-

RIVERS.

con-stit-ute, make, form.
def-in-ite, precise, fixed.
dis-ap-pear-ance, going out
 of sight.
dis-solv-ed, melted away,
 licked up.
grad-u-al-ly, by degrees,
 slowly.
in-vis-i-ble, that which we
 cannot see.

lo-co-mo-tive, a steam engine
 on wheels.
ob-ser-va-tion, the use of our
 eyes.
Miss-ou-ri, a river of N.
 America.
Am-a-son, in S. America,
 is the largest river in the
 world.

1. Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by other streams which swell its waters. The river of course becomes smaller as these are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream; this again divides itself into a number of streamlets, ending in mere threads of water.

2. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills. Thus, the Severn has its source in the Welsh mountains; the Thames in the Cotswold Hills; the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains; and the Amazon in the Andes of Peru. But it is quite plain that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water?

3. A short residence among the mountains would prove to you that the streams are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the

streams feeble, sometimes indeed quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hillsides.

4. Sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. But you very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has trickled through the rocks or soil, and which, through some opening that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day. But we cannot end here.

5. Whence comes the rain that forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds. But what are clouds? Is there nothing you know of which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the visible steam of a locomotive.

6. At every puff of the engine a cloud is sent into the air. Watch the cloud sharply. You notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass.

7. When the vapour mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel, it ceases to be vapour. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The

liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a *cloud*.

8. Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive: you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether; and if you continue your observations, you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends on the character of the day.

9. In moist weather the cloud hangs long and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been re-converted into true invisible vapour. The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it.

10. Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the pipe; a cloud is formed in all respects similar to that which issues from the funnel of the locomotive.

11. To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by chilling the steam we convert it into cloud.

12. Is there any fire in nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is—the fire of the SUN. Thus, by tracing a river backwards from its end to its real beginning, we come at length to the sun.

THE RIVER.



1.

'Oh, tell me, pretty river,
Whence do thy waters
flow ?

And whether art thou roaming,
So pensive and so slow ?'

2.

'My birthplace was the moun-
tain ;

My nurse the April showers ;
My cradle was a fountain,
O'ercurtained by wild flowers.

3.

'One morn I ran away,
A madcap, wayward rill ;
And many a prank that day
I played adown the hill !

4.

'And then, 'mid meadowy banks,
I flirted with the flowers,
That stooped, with glowing lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

5.

'But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave ;
I hear the ocean's roar—
And there must be my grave !'

THE MONKEY AND THE CAT.

de-vour, to eat greedily.

| **mis-chiev-ous**, full of tricks.

1. A monkey and a cat once lived together in a great house, and never were there two greater thieves. One day the two friends found their way into the kitchen, where some fine chestnuts were roasting in the ashes. The monkey longed to get some, but he did not wish to burn his fingers. He was a cunning fellow, however, and soon hit on a plan for getting what he wanted.

2. Turning to the cat, he said, 'Now, dear friend, this is the very time for you to show the skill which nature has given you. Look at those chestnuts; how cleverly you could snatch them out of the ashes, and roll them on the floor!

3. 'It would be fine revenge, too, on that cross cook, who always drives us away with a broomstick if she finds us near the larder. I would gladly do it myself; but then, you know, my paws are so rough and awkward, it would be a chance if I did not tumble all the nuts into the fire.'

4. The cat, pleased with the monkey's words, set to work at once. She managed to get out some of the nuts, which the cunning monkey caught and devoured. Poor puss got more than one singe, and began to think the fun

was not worth the trouble; but she would not give up, lest the monkey should think her awkward.

5. Meanwhile the cook came in; and as soon as he heard her step, the monkey scrambled off to a safe corner; puss was found with the chestnuts in her paw, and though she had not



‘The cat set to work at once.’

eaten one of them, she was punished as the thief, and got a sound beating.

6. ‘Well,’ she said to herself, ‘this shall be a lesson to me for the future. I have singed my paws, lost my chestnuts, and got a beating; and all because I was foolish enough to choose a bad companion.’ And from that day she was never again seen with the mischievous monkey.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

land-scape, a view of the country.

Ni-ger, a large river in Western Africa.

mar-ti-al, warlike.

tam-a-rind, a sort of plum.

fla-min-go, a web-footed bird found in the warm countries of Asia, Africa, and America. It is of a bright red colour.

scab-bard, the sheath of a sword.

Caf-fres, a South African race.

riv-er-horse, the hippopotamus.

flank, the side.

myr-i-ad, ten thousand, any large number.

tem-pest-u-ous, noisy, like a tempest.

il-lu-mine, to light up.

fet-ter, a chain for the feet.

tri-umph, conquest, joy for success, victory.

1. Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand,
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand;
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.
2. Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.
3. He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

4. And then at furious pace he rode
 Along the Niger's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains,
 And with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of
 steel
 Smiting his stallion's flank.
5. Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn till night he followed their
 flight,
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts
 And the ocean rose to view.
6. At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyena scream,
 And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream.
7. The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep, and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.
8. He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of the day,

For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay,
A worn-out fetter that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

STUDY.

ap-pli-ca-tion, attention to lessons and work.

struct-ure, building.

per-se-ver-ance, keeping steadily on.

in-tel-li-gent, well informed.

post-pone, to put off.

dis-in-clin-a-tion, a dislike to a thing.

dis-tract-ed, drawn away.

1. When a boy has left school, he will not, if he be a wise boy, cease reading. He will not make such a mistake as to imagine that he is already so clever that no improvement is necessary. He will not think that his education is finished. He will know that in reality it is only commenced.

2. A good foundation has been laid, it may be, but he has himself to build the structure upon it. And whether it be, after all, a building worth looking at, must depend upon his own skill and perseverance.

3. In the future, young men will find that if they will be anything at all, they must be intelligent, and at least fairly educated. When you leave school, you will find it harder than it has been to 'stick' to your studies.

4. When your teachers demanded that a

certain time should be devoted to them, of course you had nothing to do but to obey, and were obliged to give the proper thought and attention. It is a very different thing when you have no other power over you than your own will, when you are not obliged to study, and need only do it when you are inclined.

5. You will find that you often do not feel in the least inclined. What is to be done when, instead of sitting down to work, you feel only disposed for pleasure? If you would really study well, you must let nothing interfere with it. Set aside some part of every day, and devote that time to it, whether you feel inclined or not.

6. If you allow yourself to put it off to a more convenient season, that season may be very long in coming, perhaps may never come at all. Generally, even though you sit down with a disinclination, that feeling will give way before your resolution, and before the time is ended you will find that you have conquered, and that the work has been carried on with heartiness and even enjoyment.

7. Another hint we would give is this—throw your heart into your work. Do not be thinking about all sorts of other things. Fix your thoughts entirely upon the subject before you, and do not let them waver. You may read two or three hours every day, but you will be none the wiser if you allow your attention to be distracted. Half an hour

of earnest, undivided application will be worth more than a dozen hours of half study.

8. Then, in order to be successful, you must not attempt too many subjects. It is better to master one than to dabble in half a dozen. Make up your minds to be perfect in one or two things.

9. You had better not work after you have tired yourself. No end is answered by that. A weary brain cannot be made to perform good work. Often much more is gained by a walk through the green fields than could be done by the study of books. The mind cannot bear too great a strain. All work and no play is never a good thing. A little of each is a thousand times better.

THE BUCKET.

re-col-lection, memory.
 deep-tan-gled, mixed in wild
 confusion.
 cat-a-ract, a large fall of water.
 ar-dent, eager, zealous.
 poised, balanced.
 gob-let, a drinking cup.

nec-tar, a choice liquor be-
 lieved by the ancients to
 have been sipped by the
 gods.
 Ju-pi-ter, the chief god of the
 Greeks and Romans.
 in-tru-sive-ly, without wel-
 come or invitation.

1. How dear to my heart are the days of my
 childhood,
 When fond recollection presents to my
 view

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled
wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy
knew ;



'And e'en the rude bucket that hung o'er the well.'

The wide spreading pond, and the mill
which stood by it ;
The bridge, and the rock, where the cata-
ract fell ;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung o'er
the well—

The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung o'er the
well.

2. That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure ;

For often at noon, when returned from
the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature
could yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that
were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom
it fell ;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from
the well—

The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the
well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy rim to
receive it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to my
lips ;

Not a full glowing goblet could tempt me
 to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from that loved
 situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hung o'er
 the well—
 The old oaken bucket,
 The iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hung o'er the
 well.

THE LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

bat-tal-i-ons, divisions of the
 army.

col-umn, a body of soldiers.

de-cree, that which was writ-
 ten, fate.

dis-solv-ing, passing away.
file, line.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the
 first French emperor, was
 a Corsican by birth. He
 entered the French army
 and became an officer of
 artillery.

Waterloo, in Belgium, about
 10 miles south of Brussels.

pal-ing, becoming dim.

Michael Ney, a famous mar-
 shal of France in the time
 of the first Napoleon. He
 distinguished himself in
 Prussia, in Spain, and in the
 Russian campaign of 1812.

spec-ta-cle, sight.

squad-rons, bodies of soldiers
 formed in squares.

un-flinch-ing, not shrinking ;
 resolute.

u-ni-form, soldier's dress.

zen-ith, highest point it could
 reach.

1. The whole Continental struggle ex-
 hibited no sublimer spectacle than this last
 effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire.

Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the battle-field.

2. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendour, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single chance.

3. Ney felt the pressure of the great trust reposed in him, and resolved not to prove unworthy of it. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That Guard had never yet fallen back before a human foe; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

4. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum or the blast of a bugle to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth.

5. Rank after rank went down; yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squad-

rons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each man, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

6. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel steed after steed sink down till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men.

7. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines.

8. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

9. Ney was borne back in the receding tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and would have fallen where he

stood. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavoured to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks.

10. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ; and though Ney did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed.

11. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the 'bravest of the brave' had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name; and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations.

WINTER.

stur-dy, strong.

lin-gers, waits.

Swit-zer-land, a very mountainous country in the middle of Europe.

scouts, laughs at, scorns.

strand, seashore.

cow-er, to crouch down.

hi-ther, here, to this place.

hied, come.

1. Old winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of;
His flesh is firm as ironstone,
There's nothing he's afraid of.

2. He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Nor yet to warm it lingers ;
He scouts the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.
 3. Of flowers that bloom, or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he ;
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cosy.
 4. But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river,—
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver,—
 5. When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,
That hates he not, he loves it all,
Then bursts he out in laughter.
 6. His home is by the North Pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen ;
His summer-house, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.
 7. Now from the North he's hither hied,
To show his strength and power ;
And when he comes we stand aside,
And look at him and cower.
-

INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE.

ap-pren-tic-ed, bound, for the purpose of learning a trade.
in-dus-tri-ous, diligent in one's labour.
thriv-ing, prosperous.

in-ven-tion, finding out something new.
a-mass-ed, collected.
de-cay, falling away into a bad state.

1. Richard Folly lived near Stourbridge about the close of the seventeenth century. His father was a small farmer, and he apprenticed Richard to a nail-maker. For a year or two Richard was industrious enough at the nail-bench, but after a while the trade grew very slack, and there was little work either for the apprentices or the grown-up men.

2. When there was no work to do, Richard would take his fiddle and go strolling among the villages round about. He was always a welcome visitor, for he would fiddle all sorts of old-fashioned quaint tunes to please the granny, or scrape away at nursery rhymes, or pretty little childish hymns to please the children, who (especially the sick ones) learned to love kind Dick Folly, the fiddler.

3. This went on for a time; but our fiddler did not forget that he was a nail-maker, although trade grew worse and worse. Richard's master began to despair. He met his workman one day, who stopped as though he had something to say.

'What's the reason of this bad trade, sir?' asked Richard, who was a favourite.

4. 'Oh,' said his master, 'the people in Sweden have got all the orders. They have found out a way of slitting the rods, of which we make the nails, by machinery, and we can only do it by hand labour, so they can make nails much faster than we, and sell them at a much lower price.'

5. 'But why can't we get machinery too, sir?' asked Richard. 'Surely we Englishmen can do most things!'

'Because,' said his master, 'no one here knows what it's like. Sweden's a long way off, and were any one to go, they would not let him see the machine. People have gone all the way on purpose, but were not allowed to enter the works. They keep their invention a great secret, I assure you.'

6. Richard grew thoughtful, but said no more. A few mornings after he was missing; and days and weeks passed by, and no trace of him could be found. At length, after an absence of some months, he returned, and told a wonderful story.

7. How he had fiddled his way to Hull, worked his passage to Stockholm, and then fiddled up to the iron works where this wonderful machine was at work; how the iron-workers were pleased with his music, made friends with him and allowed him to play during their meal-hour inside the iron-mill, and even close to the machine.

8. While he fiddled, he cast his eyes about

him, and noted how the machine was made. This he did day after day, until he had it fixed in his mind, and then he came back to England as he had gone,—working as a cabin-boy on sea, and walking and fiddling by land.

9. When he told this story, the Stourbridge people were delighted, and a machine was made under Richard's directions. It was a wonderful machine to look at; but it had one defect—it wouldn't work. The people laughed at it, and laughed at Richard so much that he again left the town, too much ashamed, every one thought, to show his face there again.

10. Months passed by, and one morning Richard again turned up in Stourbridge, and told a more wonderful story still. He had been all the way to Sweden a second time, precisely as he had gone before.

11. The iron-workers there were glad to see their long-lost fiddler, and he fiddled for them more than ever. Carefully, but narrowly, he inspected their machine, and soon found out what was wanted to complete his own, and then he started back home.

12. The old machine, which had been cast aside as lumber, was soon completed, and set to work by Richard, to the infinite joy of the nailmakers, whose trade now once again began to revive; and Richard became a thriving man.

13. In a few years he was one of the leading iron-masters of Stourbridge, and before his death he had not only amassed a large

fortune, but had been the means of raising the trade of the whole district from depression and decay. You see what can be done by industry and perseverance.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

in-ven-tor, a discoverer or maker of something new.
su-per-in-ten-dence, over-looking.
mer-CHAN-dise, goods bought and sold in trade.
pro-mo-ted, raised to a higher position.

am-bi-tion, strong desire.
lo-co-mo-tive, a steam-engine which moves itself along and draws a load after it.
per-se-ver-ance, a constant and steady application in whatever we undertake.

1. George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive engine and founder of the railway system, was born in a village close to Newcastle, in the June of 1781.

2. His father, Robert Stephenson, was so poor that he found it very difficult to support himself, his wife, and six children on his small weekly earnings, which seldom exceeded twelve shillings a week.

3. As soon, therefore, as the boys could work, or make themselves at all useful, they were sent out to earn their own living, and, in consequence, they had no schooling. George's time as a child was passed in running errands, playing about the cottages, and listening to the many amusing tales told by his

father, who, on this account, was a great favourite with children.

4. When George was eight years old, the family removed to Dewley Burn, and here he was set to take charge of some cows belonging to a widow, for which he received one shilling a week.

5. He was soon promoted to hoe turnips and to lead horses in ploughing, though he was scarcely big enough to stride across the furrows. For this work he received fourpence a day.

6. Much to the astonishment of the people round about, he employed his spare time in making little clay engines, the same shape as those he had seen at the colliery where his father worked.



7. But his great desire was to be with his father and elder brother at the colliery. This wish was gratified, and his wages raised to sixpence a day, and afterwards to eightpence, when he was set to drive the gin-horse. Great, therefore, was his delight when he was taken to be an assistant to his father in firing the engine, at the wages of one shilling a day.

8. At seventeen years of age his youthful

ambition was gratified by his appointment as engineman at the same colliery where his father was employed as fireman. Here at last he had the opportunity he longed for so much, of carefully studying every part of the machinery, and of becoming thoroughly familiar with the construction of the steam-engine.

9. But there was one thing which troubled George very much—he could not read; but, big though he was, he was not ashamed to learn. His duties occupied him twelve hours a day, so that he had but little leisure time.

10. He was, however, determined to learn, and so he went to a school on three nights during the week, and at the age of nineteen he could read fairly, and write his own name. He was very fond of arithmetic, and always had a sum or two by him to work out at any spare moment.

11. At the age of thirty people began to see what a thoughtful clever young man George was. He was earning much higher wages than an ordinary workman, more than ever his poor father had gained, and had succeeded in making a comfortable home.

12. One thing you will much admire in his character—his love for his father, who had been fearfully injured in an accident at the colliery. George paid all his debts, and supported the poor old man and his mother all their remaining days.

13. Having felt the misfortune of having

no education himself in his early days, he was determined his boy should have the best instruction that Newcastle afforded, and by interesting himself in his son's studies he soon picked up a fund of information that proved of great use in after years.

14. On one occasion, on the erection of a pumping-engine at a neighbouring pit, George, while watching its progress, remarked that it was not being put up right, and would not do its work properly. This opinion proved correct, for the mine filled with water, and the engine was quite unable to pump it out. Daily George made inquiries as to how the engine was working, and always received the same answer, that 'the mine was as full of water as ever.'

15. After various efforts on the part of the owners to get men to make the engine work, George Stephenson was called in to see it; and desiring that he might do as he liked with it, he set to work and altered the machinery, and, to the great delight of all, in a very short time the engine pumped the pit quite dry.

16. He was now quite famous for his knowledge of engines, and had the superintendence of several. He began to study diligently as to how he could best improve the means employed in carrying coal from the mine to the ships.

17. Up to this time it had been conveyed in waggons drawn by horses on a tramway of iron; and he thought if he could construct an

engine to draw the waggons, instead of horses, that there would be a great saving in expense and labour.

18. Many had tried and failed, but his wonderful perseverance helped him on ; and, notwithstanding many drawbacks and failures, he at last succeeded in making one, which proved so useful that in a short time many colliery owners ordered steam-engines from him.

19. On the commencement of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, George, who was engaged as engineer to the line, urged the company to try one of his engines instead of horses, as originally proposed, and, on their consenting, the first public railway was opened in 1827, to the astonishment of all England.

20. His next great work was the construction of a railway between Liverpool and Manchester. The difficulties to be overcome were immense, but in a few years he triumphed, and a line was built which went over rivers, through hills, and over a large tract of moist spongy bog. The directors determined to give the steam-engine a fair trial, and, therefore, offered a reward of £500 for the best locomotive engine that could be made.

21. On the day appointed for the trial thousands of persons assembled to witness the proceedings. Two or three other engines were sent by different makers to try their powers with Stephenson's 'Rocket,' for that was the

name he had given his, but, after various trials, they utterly failed, and he won the prize for his engine as being the very best, and several were at once ordered for the new line.

22. That was a great day for George Ste-



George Stephenson.

phenson and all England when, on the 15th of September 1830, the railway was opened.

Thus had George Stephenson, the poor fireman's child, become a great and celebrated man. He had fought a hard battle, and but for his wonderful perseverance would many a

time in his youth have been discouraged and cast down.

23. Now he was greatly sought after, both at home and abroad, to superintend and construct lines, and was honoured by kings and princes. Yet he was still the same humble-minded man, and never forgot his poorer friends in the time of his triumph.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

Al-sace, an old province in the east of France now belonging to Germany.

site, situation.

de-light, pleasure.

saunt-er, to wander about idly.

pre-ci-pice, a steep place.

team, cattle coupled for a wagon or plough.

lone, lonely.

per-chance, perhaps.

peas-ant, a countryman.

till, to dig and plant the ground.

ker-chief, a little shawl to cover the head or shoulders.

strug-gling, striving.

ope, to open.

deem, to think.

1. Burg Niedeck is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;
Its very ruins now are lost—its site is waste and lone—
And if you seek for giants there, they all are dead and gone.
2. The giant's daughter once came forth the castle gate before,
And played with all a child's delight beside her father's door;

Then sauntering down the precipice, the
girl did gladly go,
To see perchance how matters went in the
little world below.

3. With few and easy steps she passed the
mountain and the wood ;
At length, near Huslach, at the place where
mankind dwelt, she stood ;
And many a town and village fair, and many
a field so green,
Before her wondering eyes appeared a
strange and curious scene.

4. And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the
scene around,
She saw a peasant at her feet a-tilling of
the ground ;
The little creature crawled about so slowly
here and there,
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough
shone bright and fair.

5. ' O pretty plaything ! ' cried the child, ' I'll
take thee home with me ! '
Then with her infant hands she spread her
kerchief on her knee,
And cradling horse, and man, and plough
all gently on her arm,
She bore them home with cautious steps,
afraid to do them harm.

6. She hastes with joyous steps and quick (we know what children are),
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar—
‘O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found;
I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain ground!’
7. Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And, smiling with a parent’s smile, he asks the happy child,
‘What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?
Thou leap’st for very joy, my girl; come, open, let us see.’
8. She opes her kerchief carefully, and gladly you may deem,
And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and his team;
And when she’d placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy,
She clapped her hands and screamed aloud, and cried for very joy.
9. But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
‘What hast thou brought me home, my child?—this is no toy,’ he said;

'Go, take it quickly back again, and put it down below ;

The peasant is no plaything, girl—how could'st thou think him so ?

10. 'So go without a sigh or sob, and do my will,' he said ;

'For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread ;

'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are ;

The peasant is no plaything, child—no, God forbid he were !'

ABOUT BEAVERS.

con-struc-tion, act of making.

sub-stan-ti-al, firm, strong.

cast-or, a strong smelling substance taken from the body of the beaver.

mis-ta-ken, wrong.

dam, a bank to confine water.

pe-cu-li-ar, singular.

sur-face, the outside.

prin-ci-pal-ly, chiefly.

de-li-ci-ous, very nice.

1. Beavers are animals which have a thick, soft fur ; they have web feet made for swimming ; their two fore paws are made almost like little hands, and can work most cleverly ; and their tails are flat and broad like a brick-layer's trowel.

2. They like the water ; indeed, they cannot live without it, and cannot build their houses without it ; for their houses are made of clay, which must be moist when used for



‘They live together in large numbers.’

building. They live together in large numbers, and work in common for the good of all.

3. It is very curious to notice the construction of dams by beavers, which are very well built and substantial, and so tight that scarcely any water can make its way through them.

4. The chief use of these dams is to make a deep pond, so that they can build their houses properly. These houses are very unlike those of other animals. They are built under the bank, and are two stories high; one story is under, and the other above water.

5. The only entrance to a beaver's house is through the water; there is no door opening from the land.

The workmanship of the dam is curious enough. The beavers first make a sort of framework of the branches of trees, and then plaster this framework on the upper side all over with clay or mud.

6. You will wonder how they obtain the timber which they use in their dams. They cut down trees with their teeth, just like any woodman, and employ such parts of them as are adapted for the purpose.

7. The plastering process is quite as curious as the building of the framework of the dam. Some say this is effected by means of a trowel, such as masons use. You will perhaps smile at this; but they mean their tails, which seem well fitted for this work.

8. Beaver's tails have something like scales,

instead of hair, upon them, and they are of an oval shape ; but the notion that they are used as trowels to plaster the dams with, is a mistaken one.

9. Without its being used for this purpose, however, the tail of the beaver is very useful, as it serves as a rudder to guide them through the water ; and they make a peculiar flapping noise with it on the surface of the water when they wish to call their comrades.

10. Beavers live principally on the bark of trees. They do not generally come out of their houses in the winter season, but supply themselves in the autumn with all the food they will need until the following spring.

11. So you see that, what with the timber used in making their dams, and that which they lay up for food, the beavers have a good deal of wood-cutting to do.

They get their logs by gnawing the trunk of a tree all round with their strong front teeth.

12. They go on gnawing till they have nearly gnawed it through, and it is ready to come down. Then a beaver looks carefully at the tree to judge on which side it is likely to fall. Having settled this, he goes to the safe side, bites away the last hold the stem has, and down it comes.

13. They cut their logs, for the purpose of storing, in pieces about five feet in length.

The flesh of the beaver is very delicious

eating ; but it is chiefly valued for its beautiful fur, and for a substance called castor found in its body, and used as a medicine.

LET IT PASS.

foe, an enemy.

cor-odes, gnaws away.

re-prieve, keeping back the punishment.

con-demn, declare to be guilty.

err-ed, done wrong.

cheer-y, cheerful.

1. Be not swift to take offence ;
 Let it pass !
Anger is a foe to sense ;
 Let it pass ;
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long ;
Rather sing this cheery song,
 Let it pass !
2. Strife corrodes the purest mind ;
 Let it pass !
As the unregarded wind,
 Let it pass ;
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve ;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
 Let it pass !
3. Echo not an angry word ;
 Let it pass !

Think how often you have erred ;

Let it pass !

Since our joys must pass away,

Like the dewdrops on their way,

Wherefore should our sorrows stay ?

Let them pass !

4. If for good you've taken ill,

Let it pass !

Oh ! be kind and gentle still !

Let it pass !

Time at last makes all things straight ;

Let us not resent, but wait,

And our triumph shall be great ;

Let it pass !

5. Bid your anger to depart ;

Let it pass !

Lay these homely words to heart ;

Let it pass !

Follow not the giddy throng ;

Better to be wronged than wrong ;

Therefore sing this cheery song,

Let it pass !

THE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

be-guile, to amuse.
 con-sci-en-ti-ous-ly, honestly.
 de-li-ca-cy, politeness.
 fort-ress, a fortified place, a castle.
 grat-i-tude, thankfulness.
 oc-cu-pa-tion, employment.
 re-spon-si-ble, answerable.
 scal-ing, climbing.

sol-i-tude, loneliness.
 gil-ly-flow-er, the clove-stock.
 An-go-ra cat, a large cat with long silky hair, brought from Angora, in Asiatic Turkey, a country which is also famous for its breed of goats and sheep.

1. A Count, who was in prison for a political cause and was not allowed books or papers to beguile his solitude, had found one little green plant growing up between the paving-stones of the prison yard in which he was permitted to walk.

2. He watches it from day to day, marks the opening of the leaves and buds, and soon loves it as a friend. In dread lest the jailer, who seems a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolves to ask him to be careful of it, and this is the conversation they have on the subject:—

3. 'As to your gillyflower'——

'Is it a gillyflower?' said the Count.

'Upon my word,' said the jailer, 'I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me.'

4. 'But as you mention the subject, I must tell you, that you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden on it long ago had I not remarked

the tender interest you take in it—the little beauty !’

5. ‘Oh, my interest,’ said the Count, ‘is nothing out of the common.’

‘Oh, it’s all very well ; I know all about it,’ replied the jailer, with a knowing look. ‘A man must have occupation—he must take to something ; and prisoners have not much choice.

6. ‘You see, Sir Count, we have amongst our inmates men who were formerly important people, men with brains—for it is not small-fry that they bring here ; well, now, they occupy and amuse themselves at very little cost, I assure you.

7. ‘One catches flies—there’s no harm in that ; another carves figures on his deal table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place.’

The Count would have spoken, but he went on : ‘Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others little white mice.

8. ‘For my part, I respect their tastes to such a point, that I had a beautiful large Angora cat, with long white fur ; he would leap and gambol in the prettiest way in the world, and when he rolled himself up to go to sleep, you would have said it was a sleeping muff.

9. ‘My wife made a great pet of him, and so did I ; but I gave him away, for the birds and mice might have tempted him, and all the cats

in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse.'

'That was very kind of you, Mr. Jailer,' replied the Count, feeling uneasy that he should be thought capable of caring for such trifles; 'but this plant is for me more than an amusement.'

10. 'Never mind, if it only recalls the green boughs under which your mother nursed you in your infancy, it may overshadow half the court. Besides, my orders say nothing about it, so I shall be blind on that side.'

11. 'If it should grow to a tree, and be capable of assisting you in scaling the wall, that would be quite another thing. But we have time enough to think of that; have we not?' added he with a laugh. 'Oh, if you tried to escape from the fortress!'

'What would you do?'

12. 'What would I do! I would stop you, though you might kill me; or I would have you fired at by the sentinel with as little pity as if you were a rabbit! That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower! no, no; or put my foot on it, never! I always thought that man unworthy to be a jailer who wickedly crushed the spider of a poor prisoner—that was a wicked action—it was a crime!'

13. The Count was touched and surprised. 'My dear jailer,' said he, 'I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess it, this plant is to me a source of much interesting study.'

14. 'Well, then, Sir Count, if your plant has done you such good service, you ought to be more grateful, and water it sometimes; for if I had not taken care, when bringing you your allowance of water, to moisten it from time to time, the poor little flower would have died of thirst.'

15. 'One moment, my good friend,' cried the Count, more and more struck at discovering so much natural delicacy under so rough an outside; 'what! have you been so thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet you never said a word about it? Pray, accept this little present in remembrance of my gratitude;' and he held out his silver drinking-cup.

16. The jailer took the cup in his hand, looking at it with a sort of curiosity. 'Plants only require water, Sir Count,' he said, 'and one can treat them to a drink without ruining one's self. If this one amuses you, if it does you good in any way, that is quite enough.' And he went and put back the cup in its place.

17. The Count advanced towards the jailer, and held out his hand.

'Oh no, no!' said the latter, moving back respectfully as he spoke; 'hands are only given to equals or to friends.'

'Well, then, be my friend.'

18. 'No, no, that cannot be, sir. One must look ahead, so as to do always, to-morrow as well as to-day, one's duty conscientiously. If you were my friend, and you attempted to

escape, should I then have the courage to call out to the sentinel, "Fire?" No; I am only your keeper, your jailer, and your humble servant.'

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

braid-ed, plaited.
clime, country.
chide, to use harshly.
in - dig - nant, being very
angry.
curb-ed, checked.
van-ish-ed, disappeared.

fev-er-ed, being excited.
mir-age, the seeming appear-
ance of water, &c., in the
desert where there is none.
scour, to run swiftly over.
pains, labour.

[The Arabs have the finest horses in the world, and they are very fond of them. It is related that the French Consul at Alexandria once gave a poor Arab a purse of gold for a fine horse, with the design of sending the animal to the King of France. The Arab took the money, but, after having in vain endeavoured to tear himself away from his horse, flung the purse upon the ground, sprung upon the horse's back, and was quickly out of sight.

The following beautiful lines were written upon this touching incident.]

1. My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest
meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck,
and dark and fiery eye ;
Fret not to roam the desert now with all
thy wingèd speed ;
I may not mount on thee again ;—thou'rt
sold, my Arab steed !
2. Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff
not the breezy wind ;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am
I behind ;

The stranger hath thy bridle rein; thy
master hath his gold;
Fleet-limbed and beautiful! farewell!—
thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

3. Farewell! Those free, untired limbs full
many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that
clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy
corn and bed prepare;
That silky mane I braided once must be
another's care.
4. Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye
glancing bright,—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so
firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to
check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I startling wake, to feel thou'rt
sold, my Arab steed!
5. Ah! rudely then! unseen by me, some
cruel hand may chide,
Till foam wreaths lie like crested waves
along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in
thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may
count each starting vein!

6. Will they ill-use thee?—if I thought—
but no—it cannot be ;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so
gentle, yet so free ;
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone this
lonely heart should yearn,—
Can the hand that casts thee from it now
command thee to return ?
7. 'Return!'—Alas ! my Arab steed ! what
will thy master do
When thou, that wast his all of joy, hast
vanished from his view ?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes,
and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like the
false mirage, appears ?
8. Slow and unmounted will I roam, with
weari'd foot alone,
Where with fleet steps and joyous bound
thou oft hast borne me on ;
And sitting down by the green well, I'll
pause and sadly think
'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when
last I saw him drink.
9. When last I saw thee drink ! away !—the
fevered dream is o'er !
I could not live a day and know that we
should meet no more ;

They tempted me, my beautiful! for
hunger's power is strong—

They tempted me, my beautiful! but I
have loved too long!

10. Who said that I had given thee up? Who
said that thou wert sold?

'Tis false! tis false, my Arab steed; I fling
them back their gold!

Thus, thus I leap upon thy back and scour
the distant plains;

Away! Who overtakes us now may claim
thee for his pains.

ADVICE TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

bru-tal, cruel, unfeeling.

base, low, mean.

court-e-ous, kind.

pro-tect, to take care of.

fa-mous, much talked about.

cour-age-ous, brave.

1. Love honest work, love to get knowledge, never be ashamed of saying your prayers morning and evening; it will help you to be good all through the day. Keep your promises; do not pick up foolish and dirty stories; never, never tell a lie; never strike, or hurt, or be rude to a woman or girl, or any one weaker or younger than yourselves.

2. Be ready even to risk your own lives to save a friend or a companion, or a brother or a sister. Be very kind to poor dumb animals; never put them in pain; they are God's crea-

tures as well as you, and if you hurt them, you will become brutal and base yourselves.

3. Remember always to be gentle and attentive to older people; listen and do not interrupt when they are talking. If you have an old father, or a grandfather, or a sick uncle



'Remember always to be gentle and attentive to older people.

or aunt, remember not to disturb them by loud talking or rough play. Be careful and tender to them.

4. You cannot think what good it does them; and if it should happen that any of you have a poor father or a poor mother, who

has to get up early to go about their business, and earn their bread—and your bread, remember—what a pleasure it will be to them to find that their little boy or girl has been out of bed before them on a cold winter's morning, and has lighted a bright blazing fire, so as to give them a warm cup of tea.

5. Think what a pleasure it will be to them if they are sick, if they are deaf, or blind, to find a little boy or a little girl to speak to them, or to read to them, or to lead them about.

6. It is not only the comfort of having help; it is the still greater comfort of knowing that they have a good little son, or a good little daughter, who is anxious to help them, and who, they feel sure, will be a joy and not a trouble to them by day and by night.

7. No Christmas present can be so welcome to any father, or mother, or friend, as the belief that their children are growing up truthful, manly, courageous, courteous, unselfish, and religious; and do not think that any of these things are too much for any of you.

8. It was only the other day I heard of a brave and modest little boy, who was only fourteen years of age, and who has already saved, at different times, the lives of no less than four other boys, by plunging into the rough sea after them, on the coast of Norfolk.

9. This is what you can do, not perhaps by plunging into the stormy sea, but at any rate

by saving a little brother or a little sister from going wrong. You can do far more for them, perhaps, than any one else, because you are always with them.

10. Stand by and protect them ; stand by each other, and the foolish, wicked, cruel people who want to mislead you will very soon run away. Bad people are always afraid of good people, even though the good are much fewer, and even though the good may be a little child.

11. I once knew a very famous man, who lived to be very old—who lived to be eighty-eight. He was always the delight of those about him. He always stood up for what was right. His eye was like an eagle's when it flashed at what was wrong ; and how early do you think he began to do this ?

12. I have an old grammar which belonged to him, all tattered and torn, which he had when a little boy at school, and what do you think I found written in his own hand in the very first page ? Why these words : ' Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues ; be just, and fear not.'

13. That was his rule all through life, and he was loved and honoured down to the day when he was carried to the grave. Be just, be good, and fear not ; let that be your rule, and God will be with you then, and now, and always.

LITTLE DOMBEY AT THE SEASIDE.

ex-pi-ra-tion, the end.
al-pha-bet, the letters of a language.
con-sis-tent, acting up to character.
rud-dy, of a red colour.
wea-zen, having a shrivelled neck.
no-ta-ble, remarkable.
dis-tress-ed, pained.

ex-cept-ed, left out.
stroll, to wander about.
loun-ger, one who lounges.
hur-ri-ed-ly, with haste.
ca-ress-ing, fondling.
ho-ri-zon, where the sky and earth appear to meet.
in-vis-i-ble, that cannot be seen.
re-gion, country.

1. But as little Dombey was no stronger at the expiration of weeks of this life than he had been on his first arrival, a little carriage was got for him, in which he could lie at his ease, with an alphabet and other elementary works of reference, and be wheeled down to the seaside.

2. Consistent in his odd tastes, the child set aside a ruddy-faced lad who was proposed as the drawer of his carriage, and selected, instead, the lad's grandfather, a weazen, old, crab-faced man, in a suit of battered oilskin, who had got tough and stringy from long pickling in salt water, and who smelt like a weedy sea-beach when the tide is out.

3. With this notable attendant to pull him along, and Florence always walking by his side, he went down to the margin of the ocean every day; and there he would sit or lie in his carriage for hours together: never so dis-

tressed as by the company of children—his sister Florence alone excepted always.

4. 'Go away, if you please,' he would say to any child who came to bear him company; 'thank you, but I don't want you.'

Some small voice, near his ear, would ask him how he was, perhaps.

'I am very well, I thank you. But you had better go and play, if you please.'

5. Then he would turn his head, and watch the child away, and say to Florence, 'We don't want any others, do we? Kiss me, Floy.'

He had even a dislike at such times to the company of his nurse, and was well pleased when she strolled away, as she generally did, to pick up shells and acquaintances.

6. His favourite spot was quite a lonely one, far away from most loungers; and with Florence sitting by his side at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face, and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.

7. 'Floy,' he said one day, 'where's India, where that boy Bitherstone's friends live?'

'Oh, it's a long, long distance off.'

'Weeks off?'

'Yes, dear. Many weeks journey night and day.'

'If you were in India, Floy, I should—what is that mamma did?—I forget.'

'Love me?'

'No, no. Don't I love you now, Floy? What is it?—Died. If you were in India, I should die, Floy.'

8. She hurriedly put her work aside, and laid her head down on his pillow, caressing him. And so would she, she said, if he were there. He would be better soon.

'Oh! I am a great deal better now! I don't mean that; I mean that I should die of being so sorry and so lonely, Floy!'

9. Another time, in the same place, he fell asleep, and slept quietly for a long time. Awaking suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening.

Florence asked him what he thought he heard.

'I want to know what it says. The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?'

She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

10. 'Yes, yes; but I know that they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?' He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

She told him there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant farther away, farther away.

11. Very often afterwards, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look that invisible region far away.

12. What are the wild waves saying,
 Sister, the whole day long ;
 That ever amid our playing
 I hear but their low lone song.
 Not by the seaside only,
 There it sounds wild and free,
 But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
 In dreams it is still with me.
13. Brother, I hear no singing ;
 'Tis but the rolling wave
 Ever its lone course winging
 Over some ocean cave.
 'Tis but the noise of waters
 Dashing against the shore,
 Or the wind from some bleaker quarter
 Mingling, mingling with its roar.
-

A FAIRY SONG.

elves, good or evil spirits.
di-et, food or victuals.
be-guile, to pass pleasantly.
un-es-pied, unseen.

glow-worm, an insect which
 gives out a light of a green-
 ish colour.
min-strel-sy, music.

1. Come, follow, follow me,
 Ye fairy elves that be,
 Light tripping o'er the green,
 Come, follow Mab, your queen ;
 Hand in hand we'll dance around,
 For this place is fairy ground.

2. When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through keyholes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.



‘Hand in hand we’ll dance around.’

3. Then o’er a mushroom’s head
Our tablecloth we spread :
A grain of rye or wheat
The diet that we eat :

Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.

4. The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile ;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

5. O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

LITTLE DOMBEY'S DEATH-BED.

con-fuse, to mix, to disorder.
in-cred-u-lous-ly, as though
one did not believe, doubt-
ing.

quest, search.
ra-di-ant, bright, shining.
blight-ed, injured, like a plant
covered with blight.
wist-ful, earnest, thoughtful.
gaze, to look at earnestly.

pla-cid-ly, quietly.
whis-per, to speak very softly.
fee-ble, weak.
wound, a hurt.
glide, to move quietly.
rip-ple, a little wave.
fir-ma-ment, the sky, the
heavens.
im-mor-tal-i-ty, endless exist-
ence.

1. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she

felt that she was dying—for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that.

2. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother, for he could not remember whether they told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

‘Floy, did I ever see mamma?’

‘No, darling; why?’

3. ‘Did I ever see any kind face, like a mamma’s, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?’ he asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

‘Oh yes, dear!’

‘Whose, Floy?’

‘Your old nurse’s,—often,’

‘And where is my old nurse?’ said Paul; ‘is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?’

4. There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more—then all was still again: and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head on her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

‘Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please.’

‘She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow.’

‘Thank you, Floy!’

5. Paul closed his eyes with those words,

and fell asleep. 'When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air and waving to and fro; then he said, 'Floy, is it to-morrow?—Is she come?'

6. Some one seemed to go in quest of her; perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him when he had closed his eyes again that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away; but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke, mind and body—and sat upright in his bed.

7. He saw them now about him. There was no grey mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

'And who is this? Is this my old nurse?' said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

8. Yes, yes; no other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast as one who has some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten

everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

9. 'Floy! this is a kind, good face!' said Paul. 'I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! stay here.'

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

'Who was that who said Walter?' he asked, looking round. 'Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much.'

10. Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, 'Call him back then; let him come up!' After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room.

11. His open face and manner and his cheerful eyes had always made him a favourite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said, 'Good-bye!'

'Good-bye, my child!' cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. 'Not good-bye?'

12. For an instant Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. 'Ah, yes!' he said placidly, 'good-bye, Walter, dear, good-bye!'—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. 'Where is papa?'

13. He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from his lips.

‘Remember Walter, dear papa,’ he whispered, looking in his face—‘remember Walter—I was fond of Walter!’ The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried ‘good-bye’ to Walter once again.

‘Now lay me down,’ he said; ‘and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!’

14. Sister and brother wound their arms round each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them locked together.

‘How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it’s very near the sea; I hear the waves! They always said so!’

15. Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now!—how bright the flowers growing on them!—and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

16. He put his hands together as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

‘Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face!—but tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!’

17. The golden purple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion!—the fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged till our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—DEATH.

18. Oh! thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet—of IMMORTALITY! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

tempt-ing, enticing.
de-clare, to speak positively.
clus-ter, a bunch.
grate-ful, thankful.
crim-son, a dark red.
parch-ed, dried up.
in-clin-ed, disposed to.

heart-y, sincere.
pres-ent, a gift.
choi-cest, best.
af-ford, to give.
scis-sors, small shears.
re-ceive, to take a gift.
fin-ish-ed, ended.

1. 'Beautiful grapes, mamma, oh, what a treat!
Don't they look tempting? and won't they
be sweet?
Good Mr. Harvey! how kind he must be
To send such a present to Jenny and me.
2. 'Now, Jenny, don't snatch them, but wait
for your share,—
She's swallowed some down, skins and all,
I declare;

That's right, dear mamma, move them out
of her way,
Or she'll eat up her own, and mine too, I
daresay.'

3. Mamma took her scissors the grapes to
divide,
Then looked at the fine purple cluster and
sighed :



'Beautiful grapes, mamma.'

'There's poor Mary Morgan so sadly,' said
she,
'How grateful for some of these grapes she
would be.'

4. 'She lies on her pillow so ill and so weak,
With a bright crimson spot on her poor
wasted cheek,
And her lips are so parched, that indeed
'twould be kind
To send her a few, if you felt so inclined.'
5. But Jenny was greedy, and shouted, 'No,
no !'
While Minnie could not feel it right to do
so ;
She looked at the grapes, then she nodded
her head,
And, 'Take mine to poor thirsty Mary,' she
said.
6. That night, just as Minnie had finished her
prayers,
Papa and mamma were heard coming up-
stairs,
With a beautiful kitten, as white as the
snow,
With a blue ribbon tied round its neck with
a bow.
7. 'And this,' said papa, 'is a present I've
brought
To the dear little girl who did just as she
ought ;
Who gave up her grapes with a hearty good
will
To poor Mary Morgan so thirsty and ill,'

8. But Minnie's warm heart had a higher
 reward
 Than the choicest of gifts which this world
 can afford,
 For she was not too young on His name to
 believe
 Who said 'twas 'more blessed to give than
 receive.'
-

THE EAGLE.

ex-tinct, not in existence.
ma-jes-tic, stately.
spi-ral, like a screw.
rap-id, quick.
tal-ons, claws.
car-ri-on, decayed flesh.
des-pair, loss of hope.

Ben Nevis, a mountain in
 Scotland.
ae-rie, an eagle's nest.
col-lec-tion, a number ga-
 thered together.
in-ac-ces-si-ble, out of reach.

1. There are many kinds of eagles, but the most noted, and the largest of European birds of prey, is the golden eagle. This fine bird, although extinct in England, is still found in the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland, and is many times met with in all the northern parts of the globe.

2. The colour of the greater part of the body is a rich blackish-brown. The head and neck are covered with feathers of a golden red, which give to the bird its name. The tail is a deep gray streaked regularly with dark brown; the legs, which are of a gray-brown colour, are feathered to the very toes.

3. The eagle is furnished with a strong hooked beak, with toes covered with scales, and with strong hooked claws. Owing to great strength of wing, its flight is described as majestic and powerful in the extreme. It



The Golden Eagle.

sweeps through the air in a succession of spiral curves, rising with every curve, and making no visible motion with its wings, until it has reached a height where it is scarcely seen.

4. But although so high, its sight is so powerful that it can clearly distinguish objects beneath, for often it has been seen to sweep down with lightning-like rapidity, and seizing its prey in its powerful talons, carry it off.

5. The eagle seldom feeds on carrion except when pressed by hunger, but gains its living chiefly by the products of the chase. It often carries off geese and hares, lambs, and even calves, in its terrible talons.

6. In some instances even children, when left unguarded, have been carried off by the eagle, as described in the following story.

The people of a village in Scotland were out in the field making hay, and amongst them was a mother who laid her sleeping babe on a bundle of hay while she proceeded with her work. An eagle from the distant heights saw the child, and darting down, seized it in an instant and bore it off.

7. One single, piercing, female cry was heard, and then shouts and outcries. 'The eagle has carried off Hannah Lamond's bairn!' was the loud, fast-spreading cry. The terror of the poor mother can be easily imagined. She saw the eagle bear the baby to its nest among the heights of Ben Nevis.

8. A brave sailor who happened to be there started in pursuit; but the mother, almost maddened with despair, seizing her sickle, rushed towards the hills, and soon outstripped

the sailor. The mountain was both steep and rugged ; she leaped from rock to rock, and where there was no place for her feet she held fast by the roots of the plants.

9. At last she reached the dreaded spot, fell across the aerie, and clasped her babe in her arms. It was not dead, as she expected. There it lay among the young eaglets, uninjured, and wrapped up just as it had been in the harvest-field.

10. The old eagle flew screaming round her head, but she kept it off with her sickle. Having bound her infant to her waist with her shawl, with great difficulty she made the descent. When she had got a considerable way down she saw her friends, who had come to meet her ; and we can imagine their great joy when they found both mother and child unhurt.

11. The eagle makes its nest, which is several feet square and composed of a collection of strong sticks, among the inaccessible parts of rocks. Here the female bird lays two, and sometimes three eggs. When the young birds are hatched they are watched and tended with great care by their parents, who bring in an ample store of provisions to feed them from the country round.

12. When the young ones arrive at a certain age, the parent birds take them from the nest and teach them to fly. Just as young children are afraid at first to trust themselves on their

legs, so young eagles seem afraid to trust to their own wings until, trained by their parents, they have found out their own strength.

MY GOOD RIGHT HAND.

ac-quaint-ance, persons we
know.

be-tide, may happen.

com-plain, find fault.

coun-sel, advice.

dread-ed, were afraid of.

re-viv-ed, lived again.

ex-claim-ed, cried out.

1. I fell into grief and began to complain ;
I looked for a friend, but I sought him in
vain :
Companions were shy, and acquaintance
were cold,
They gave me good counsel, but dreaded
their gold.
2. 'Let them go !' I exclaimed ; 'I've a friend
at my side
To lift me and aid me whatever betide ;
'To trust to the world is to build on the
sand ;—
I'll trust but in Heaven and my good right
hand.'
3. My courage revived in my fortune's despite,
And my hand was as strong as my spirit
was light ;

It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from
pain,

It fed me and clad me again and again.

4. The friends who had left me came back
every one,

And darkest advisers looked bright as the
sun :

I need them no more, as they all under-
stand,—

I thank thee, I trust thee, my good RIGHT
HAND.

HEALTH OF HOUSES.—I.

a-bom-i-na-tion, a hateful
thing.

ab-sorbs, sucks up.

dis-ease, sickness.

es-sen-ti-al, necessary, chief.

ex-hal-ing, sending out.

mois-ture, wet.

re-me-di-ed, cured, made right.

sat-ur-at-ed, filled.

spec-i-fi-ed, named.

stag-nant, standing still, un-
changed.

chim-ney-breast, the upper
part of the opening for the
grate.

ep-i-dem-ic dis-ease, disease
attacking a large number
of persons at the same
time.

un-trap-ped, not furnished
with a trap.

Scu-ta-ri, a suburb of Constan-
tinople, on the eastern side
of the Bosphorus.

1. There are five essential points for secur-
ing the health of houses, viz.:—*pure air*, *pure
water*, *good drainage*, *cleanliness*, and *light*.
Without these no house can be healthy. And
it will be unhealthy just in proportion as they
do not exist.

2. To have PURE AIR, your house must be so

built that the outer air may find its way with ease to every corner of its interior. House builders do not always consider this. Their object in building a house is to obtain the largest interest for their money, not to save doctors' bills to the tenants.

3. But if tenants ever become so wise as to refuse to occupy unhealthily-built houses, builders will speedily be brought to their senses. Bad houses do for the healthy what bad hospitals do for the sick. Once insure that the air in a house is stagnant, and sickness is certain to follow.

4. No one thinks how much disease might be prevented, even in the country, by simply taking care to provide the cottages with fresh air. Sometimes one more pane of glass made to open and shut, and put into the wall where it is wanted, will make a cottage sweet which always has been musty.

5. Sometimes a skylight made to open, will make an attic wholesome which never was habitable before. Every careful woman will spread out the bedding daily to the light and the air.

6. No window is safe, as has often been said, which does not open at the top, or in which at least a pane in the upper row of the upper sash does not open. In small crowded rooms the foul air is all above the chimney-breast, and is therefore quite ready to be breathed by the people in the room.

7. This air requires to be let off; and the simplest way of doing so is one of these, namely—

(1.) An Arnott's ventilator in the chimney, close to the ceiling.

(2.) An air-brick in the wall at the ceiling.

(3.) A pane of perforated glass in a passage or a stair window.

8. The large old fireplace, under which three or four people could sit—still to be seen in cottages in the south of England, and in old manor-houses—was an immense benefit to the air of the room. Pity it has disappeared in all new buildings! But never stop up your chimney. Of whatever size it is, it is a good ventilator. And during almost every night of the year, pull your window an inch down at the top. Remember, *at the top*.

9. PURE WATER is more general in houses than it used to be, thanks to the exertions of a few. Within the last few years a large part of London was in the daily habit of using water polluted by the drainage of its sewers and waterclosets.

10. This has happily been remedied. But in many parts of the country well-water of a very impure kind is used for domestic purposes. When epidemic disease shows itself, persons using such water are almost sure to suffer.

11. Never use water that is not perfectly

colourless and without taste or smell. Never keep water in an open tub or pail in a sitting-room or a bedroom. Water absorbs foul air, and becomes foul and unwholesome in consequence; and it damps the air in the room, making it also unwholesome.

12. Many people have no idea of what good DRAINAGE consists. They think that a sewer in the street, with a pipe leading to it from the house, is good drainage. All the while the sewer may be nothing but a place from which sickness and ill-health are being poured into the house.

13. No house with an untrapped, unventilated drain-pipe, communicating immediately with an unventilated sewer, whether it be from water-closet, sink, or gully-grate, can ever be healthy. An untrapped sink may at any time spread fevers and other diseases among the inmates of a palace even.

14. Country cottages suffer from bad drainage quite as much as, if not more than, town houses. Their floors are sometimes on the level of the ground, instead of being a foot *or more* above it, as they ought to be, with the air playing freely below the boards.

15. More frequently, however, the floors are not boarded, but are merely made of earth or of porous brick, which absorbs a large quantity of the moisture, and keeps damp cold air about the feet. Perhaps most frequently of all, the floor has been worn away several inches below

the level of the ground, and of course after every wet day it is wet and sloppy.

16. But this is not the worst: sometimes a dunghill or a pig-sty is kept so close to the door, that the foul water from it, after rain, may be seen flowing into the house.

17. Have you ever observed that there are certain groups of houses over which the fog settles sooner than over others? The fog is nature's way of showing that the houses and their neighbourhood are saturated with moisture from the neglects above specified.

18. These fogs also point out where the fever or the cholera will come. To remedy this state of things, the ground requires to be drained or trenched, the earth cut away, the floors raised above the level of the ground, and dunghills and pig-sties removed as far as possible from the houses.

19. One of the most common causes of disease in towns is having cess-pools, ash-pits, or *middensteads* close to the houses. There are great and rich cities and towns which justly pride themselves on their drainage, their water-supply, their paving and surface cleansing, and which yet have more death in their dwellings than many towns where no such works have been carried out.

20. There is no way of putting a stop to this terrible loss of life except by putting an end to these cess-pools and ash-pits, and by bringing in drainage, as has been done in

many of the very worst districts of London.

21. Among the more common causes of ill-health in cottages is overcrowding. There is, perhaps, only a single room for a whole family, and not more than 150 or 200 cubic feet for every inmate. Nothing can make such a room healthy. Ventilation would improve it, but still it would be unhealthy.

22. The only way to meet this overcrowded state of cottages is by adding rooms, or by building more cottages on a better model.

The ordinary oblong sink is an abomination. That great surface of stone, which is always left wet, is always exhaling hurtful vapours. I have known whole houses and hospitals smell of the sink.

23. I have met just as strong a stream of sewer air coming up the back staircase of a grand London house from the sink, as I have met at Scutari; and I have seen the rooms in that house all ventilated by the open doors, and the passages all *unventilated* by the closed windows, in order, apparently, that as much of the sewer air as possible might be conducted into and retained in the bedrooms. It is wonderful!

HEALTH OF HOUSES.—II.

base-ment, lowest floor of the house.

en-ter-tain, hold in the mind.

im-me-di-ate, direct.

mus-ty, mouldy.

pre-serv-ing, taking care of.

pro-ducts, results.

pro-motes, helps to cause.

sew-er, drain.

sur-pris-ed, puzzled.

scro-fu-la, a disease of the glands, generally of the neck.

rick-ets, a disease of the spine.

1. Without **CLEANLINESS** within and without your house, ventilation is, to a great extent, useless. In certain foul districts poor people used to object to open their windows and doors because of the foul smells that came in. Rich people like to have their stables and dunghill near their houses. But does it ever occur to them that, in cases of this kind, it would be safer to keep the windows shut than open?

2. You cannot have the air of the house pure with dung-heaps under the windows. These are common everywhere. And yet people are surprised that their children, brought up in 'country air,' suffer from children's diseases. If they studied Nature's laws in the matter of children's health, they would not be so surprised.

3. There are other ways of having filth inside a house besides having dirt in heaps.

Old-papered walls of years' standing, dirty carpets, dirty ceilings, uncleaned furniture,—these pollute the air just as much as if there were a dung-heap in the basement.

4. People are so little used to consider how to make a home healthy, that they either never think of it at all, and take every disease as a matter of course; or, if they ever entertain the idea of preserving the health of their household as a duty, they are very apt to commit all kinds of 'negligences and ignorances' in performing it.

5. Even in the poorest houses, washing the walls and the ceilings with quick-lime wash twice a year would prevent more disease than you know of.

6. A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of LIGHT stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, and other diseases among children. People lose their health in a dark house; and if they get ill, they cannot get well again in it.

7. Three out of many 'negligences and ignorances,' in managing the health of houses generally, I shall here mention as specimens:—(1.) That the mistress of any house, large or small, does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. (2.) That it is not considered necessary to air, to sun, and to clean every room, whether in-

habited or not. (3.) That the window is considered enough to air a room.

8. Have you never observed that a room without a fireplace is always close? If you have a fireplace, do not stop up the throat of the chimney. If your chimney be foul, sweep it; but don't expect that you can ever air a room with only one opening—don't suppose that to shut up a room is the way to keep it clean.

9. I have known cases of sickness quite as severe in private houses as in any of the worst towns, and from the same cause—namely, foul air. What was the cause of sickness being in that nice private house? It was, that the sewer air from an ill-placed sink was conducted into all the rooms, by carefully opening all the doors and closing all the passage windows.

10. It was that the chamber crockery was never properly rinsed, or was rinsed with dirty water. It was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed. It was that the carpets and curtains were always musty, and that the furniture was always dusty.

11. It was that the wall-paper was soaked with dirt, that the floors were never cleaned, and that the empty rooms were never sunned or aired. It was that the cupboards were always full of foul air. It was that the windows were always fast shut up at night. It

was that no window was ever regularly opened, even in the day, or that the right window was never opened at all.

12. Now, all this is not fancy, but fact. In the house referred to there have been in one summer six cases of serious illness—all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in temperate climates, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

squa-lid, poor, dirty.

con-tent, satisfied.

paus-ed, stood.

ut-ter-ed, said.

be-wil-der-ed, lost in wonder.

drear, gloomy.

mes-sage, word.

ere, before.

'bus, omnibus.

man-gled, badly hurt.

1. 'Only a penny a box,' he said ;

But the gentleman turned away his head,
As if he shrank from the squalid sight
Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

2. 'Oh, sir!' he stammered, 'you cannot
know'—

And he brushed from his lashes the flakes
of snow

That the sudden tear might have chance to
fall—

'Or I think—I think you would take them
all.

3. 'Hungry and cold, at our garret pane,
Willie will watch till I come again
Bringing the loaf. The sun has set,
Not a crumb has he for breakfast yet.



'Only a penny a box.'

4. 'One penny, and
then I can buy
the bread.'

The gentleman
stopped, 'And
you?' he said.

'Oh, I can put
up with the
hunger and
cold ;

But Willie is
only five years
old.

5. 'I promised our
mother before
she went—

She knew I would
do it, and died
content—

I promised her,
sir, through
best, through
worst,

I always would think of Willie first.'

6. The gentleman paused at his open door :
Such tales he had often heard before ;

But he felt in his purse in the twilight
drear—

‘I have nothing less than a shilling here.’

7. ‘Oh, sir, if you’ll only take the pack,
I’ll bring you the change in a moment
back;

Indeed you may trust me.’—‘Trust you?
—no!

But here is the shilling; take it, and go.’

8. The gentleman sat in his easy-chair,
And round him his family gathered there:
He smiled on his children, and rose to see
The baby asleep on its mother’s knee.

9. ‘And now it is nine by the clock,’ he said—
‘Time that my darlings were all in bed;
Kiss me good-night, and each be sure
When you say your prayers to remember
the poor.’

10. Just then came a message—‘A boy at the
door.’

But ere it was uttered he stood on the floor,
Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged,
and strange—

‘*I’m Willie—Mike’s brother—I’ve brought
you the change.*

11. ‘Mike’s hurt, sir: ’twas dark; the snow
made him blind,
And he didn’t take notice the ’bus was
behind,

Till he slipped on the road—and then it
whizzed by :

He's at home in the garret—I think he
will die.

12. 'Yet nothing would please him, sir—no-
thing would do,

But out through the snow I must hurry to
you ;

Of his hurt he was certain you wouldn't
have heard,

And so you might think *he had broken his
word.*'

13. When the garret they hastily entered,
they saw

Two arms, mangled shapeless, outstretched
on the straw.

You did it, dear Willie?—God bless you !
he said,

And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—
and was dead.

THE SHEPHERD BOY ASTRONOMER.

con-tem-pla-tion, study.
in-val-id, sick person.
ex-ces-sive, very great.
sub-sist-ence, livelihood.
lei-sure, spare time.

ul-ti-mate-ly, in the end.
em-in-ence, high position.
fam-il-i-ar, easy.
ap-pre-ci-a-tion, regard.
ac-quir-ed, obtained.

1. James Ferguson was the son of a day

labourer. He was born at Keith, a small village in Scotland, in the year 1710. He learned to read by merely listening to the instructions which his father gave to an elder brother.

2. James was afterwards sent for about



‘Devoting the greater part of the night to the contemplation of the heavens.

three months to the grammar-school at Keith, and this was all the education he ever received at school.

His taste for mechanics appeared when he was only about seven or eight years of age.

3. By means of a turning-lathe and a knife

he made machines that served to show the properties of the lever, and the wheel and axle. Of these machines, and the mode of their application, he made rough drawings with a pen, and wrote a short account of them.

4. Unable to live without some employment, he was placed with a neighbouring farmer, and occupied for some years in the care of his sheep.

5. In this situation he commenced the study of astronomy, devoting the greater part of the night to the contemplation of the heavens, while he amused himself in the daytime with making models of spinning-wheels and other machines.

6. He was much encouraged by another farmer, in whose service he was afterwards engaged, and enabled by the assistance that was given him in his necessary labour to reserve part of the day for making fair copies of the observations which he roughly sketched out at night.

7. In making these observations he lay down on his back, with a blanket about him, and by means of a thread strung with small beads, and stretched at arm's length between his eye and the stars, he marked their positions and distances.

8. The master who thus kindly favoured his search after knowledge recommended him to some neighbouring gentlemen, one of whom

took him into his house, where he was instructed by the butler in decimal arithmetic, algebra, and the elements of geometry.

9. After this we find him an invalid in his father's house, suffering from an illness which had been brought on chiefly by excessive labour; but true to his mental instincts, amusing himself during the period of his recovery by making a clock which struck the hours on the neck of a broken bottle, and a watch with a spring made of whalebone, the wheels of both machines being of wood.

10. The clock kept time pretty well, but the watch proved a failure from the inability of the teeth of the wheels to bear the force of the mainspring.

He made a globe of wood, covered it with paper, and drew upon it a map of the world.

11. He also added the meridian-ring and horizon, which he graduated, and by means of this instrument, which was the first he had ever seen, he was enabled to solve difficult problems in mathematical geography.

12. His ingenuity obtained for him employment suited to his taste, which was that of cleaning clocks and drawing patterns for ladies' needlework: he was thus enabled not only to supply his own wants, but also to assist his father.

13. Having improved in the art of drawing, he was induced to draw portraits from the

life with Indian ink on vellum. This art, which he practised with ease, afforded him a comfortable living for several years, and allowed him time for pursuing those favourite studies which at last raised him to eminence.

14. In 1748 he began to give lectures on astronomy, mechanics, and other branches of natural philosophy. The clearness of his statements, and the familiar illustrations which he employed, the sparing use which he made of technical terms and mathematical reasoning, together with his admirable diagrams and mechanical apparatus, made Ferguson popular as a lecturer.

15. George III. showed his appreciation of the 'peasant-boy philosopher's' genius and efforts by sometimes attending the lectures, and by giving the lecturer an annual pension of fifty pounds. He died in 1776, leaving about £6000 to his family, which he had acquired by his lectures, books, and the sale of models.

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

in-teg-ri-ty, honesty.

com-rades, companions,

friends.

pon-der-ed, thought deeply.

scru-ples, doubts.

pro-test-ed, spoke against.

de-lin-quent, thief.

pre-ten-ces, excuses.

1. A youngster at school more sedate than the rest,

Had once his integrity put to the test :—

His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the
job.

2. He was very much shocked, and answered—
‘Oh no !

What, rob our good neighbour ! I pray you
don’t go !

Besides, the man’s poor, his orchard’s his
bread ;

Then think of his children, for they must be
fed.’

3. ‘You speak very fine, and you look very
grave,

But apples we want, and apples we’ll have ;
If you will go with us, we’ll give you a
share,

If not, you shall have neither apple nor
pear.’

4. They spoke, and Tom pondered—‘I see they
will go ;

Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so !

Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I
could,

But staying behind will do him no good.

5. ‘If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped
from the tree ;

But since they will take them, I think I’ll
go too ;

He will lose none by me, though I get a few.’

6. His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
 And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;
 He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan ;
 He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.
7. Conscience slumbered awhile, but soon woke in his breast,
 And in language severe the delinquent addressed :
 ‘ With such empty and selfish pretences, away !
 By your actions you’re judged, be your speech what it may.’
-

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

at-tempt-ing, undertaking.
 but-tress-es, supports.
 com-mend, commit.
 con-vul-sive, agitated.
 des-pair, without hope.

dis-suade, discourage.
 nerve-less, feeble.
 pre-ci-pice, cliff.
 swoon-ing, fainting.

1. Three or four lads are standing in the channel below the great Natural Bridge of Virginia. They see hundreds of names carved in the limestone buttresses, and resolve to add theirs to the number. This done, one of them

is seized with the mad ambition of carving his name higher than the highest there!

2. His friends try to dissuade him from trying so dangerous a feat, but in vain. He is a wild reckless youth; and afraid now to yield, lest he should be thought a coward, he carves his way up and up the limestone rock, till he can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror stricken-playmates.

3. One of them runs off to the village and tells the boy's father of his perilous situation. Others go for help in other directions; and ere long there are hundreds of people standing in the rocky channel below, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful event.

4. The poor boy can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair,—‘William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top.’

5. The boy does not look down. His eye is fixed towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below.

6. The sun is half-way down in the west. Men are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge with ropes in their hands. But fifty more niches must be cut before the longest

rope can reach the boy! Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels. His



'The swooning boy drops his arm into the noose.'

last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next niche he cuts. That niche will be his last.

7. At the last cut he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—drops from his little nerveless hand, and ringing down the precipice, falls at his mother's feet! A groan of despair runs through the crowd below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God.

8. Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! A man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose.

9. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy arm reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the jaws of death.

SOME WONDERFUL TREES.

won-der-ful, remarkable.

Hum-boldt, a great German traveller, and man of science.

yields, gives.

Captain Cook, a famous English sailor and discoverer.

Mad-a-gas-car, a large island off the south-east coast of Africa.

cel-e-bra-ted, well known.

con-tain-ing, holding.

bear-ers, the native servants who carry travellers in covered chairs or couches in hot countries.

lim-pid, transparent.

par-ti-tion, a separation.

ex-pand-ed, spread out.

o-dour, scent or smell.

sec-tion, a portion.

con-sist-ence, thickness, density.

1. In some of the vast forests of South America, there grows a tree called the *cow tree*, which was first made known in Europe by the great traveller Humboldt. It is often found growing on the poorest and most rocky soil. Its leaves are dry and leathery in appearance, and for several months of the year not a shower falls to moisten its roots and branches.

2. This tree yields a white juice which tastes like milk, and hence the name. From a cut in the bark out flows the juice, with which you may fill your bowl and drink of this sweet and wholesome milk, which, at sunrise, seems to be particularly plentiful. At this hour the natives go to the trees in great numbers, to get their daily supply.

3. *Butter trees* are found in some parts of India and Africa. They produce a seed from

which, when boiled, an excellent butter is made. It is said to keep for months, without the addition even of salt.

4. In the South Sea Islands there is a remarkable tree called the *bread-fruit tree*. It was first made known in Europe by the celebrated Captain Cook. The fruit is green, and about the size of a melon. It is greatly valued by the natives as an article of food. They roast it before eating it; and it is said to become white, tender, and soft, like a loaf of bread.

5. In the island of Madagascar there is found the wonderful *traveller's tree*. It is more than thirty feet high, while its leaves are from four to six feet long. It yields a pleasant fruit, but it is chiefly celebrated for containing, even during the most scorching seasons, large quantities of pure fresh water; thus supplying to the traveller the place of wells in the desert.

6. When men are at work near these trees, they do not need to go to the river for water; they draw it off from the tree. A missionary once being inclined to doubt this, one of his bearers struck a spear four or five inches deep into the thick firm end of the stalk of a leaf about six inches above its junction with the trunk.

7. On its being withdrawn, a stream of pure clear water gushed out, about a quart of which was caught in a pitcher and drunk on the

spot. It was cool, limpid, and perfectly sweet.



The Banyan Tree.

8. This tree might also be called the *builder's tree*, for with its broad firm leaves

many of the houses of Madagascar are roofed in. The stems of its leaves form the partitions and often the sides of the houses; and the hard outside bark, having been beaten out flat, is laid for flooring.

9. Entire floors of well-built houses are covered with this bark. The leaf, when green, is used as a wrapper for packages; and serves also for tablecloths, dishes, and plates. Folded, moreover, into certain forms, it is used instead of spoons and drinking-vessels.

10. One of the most singular trees in India is the *banyan*, or *Indian fig-tree*. Every branch sends down stems which, when they reach the ground, take root, and become as large as the original trunk.

11. Thus in time one tree becomes a wood large enough for thousands of persons to encamp under its branches. The shade afforded by these trees in the intense heat of an Indian climate causes them to be regarded by the natives with a kind of religious veneration. One of these trees is said to contain as many as four thousand trunks or stems.

12. The *sorrowful tree* is found near Bombay, India. It is so called from its habit of blooming only at night. While the sun is shining not an expanded flower is visible, yet in half an hour after the sun is below the horizon the tree is full of them. There is little beauty in them, though the odour is

pleasant. At sunrise the petals close up, or drop to the ground.

13. The *mammoth trees* of California are worthy of note. They are found three hundred feet high and twenty-nine feet in diameter at five feet from the ground. The bark of some of the larger trees is twelve to fourteen inches thick.

14. A hollow section of a trunk was lately shown at San Francisco, which presented a large carpeted room, with a piano and seats for forty persons. On a recent occasion one hundred and forty children were admitted with ease. Notwithstanding its enormous size, it is a very elegant and beautiful tree.

15. The *ivory-nut tree* is found in South America, and belongs to the palm tribe. The natives use it in building their huts; and out of its nuts a milky liquid is taken, which thickens into a creamy substance, afterwards to the consistence of butter, and last of all to a hard ivory-looking material.

16. This solid production is used for the manufacture of buttons and various trinkets. Of late years the nuts have found their way to other countries, where they are worked up into all sorts of fancy articles.

THE PICKET ON THE POTOMAC.

[These lines were found in the pocket of a soldier who was shot in the civil war between the Northern and Southern States of America.]

pick-et, } soldiers on guard.
sent-ry, }
trem-u-lous, trembling.

Po-to-mac, a river in the
United States.

1. 'All quiet along the Potomac,' they say,
 'Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
 'Tis nothing; a private or two now and
 then
 Will not count in the tale of the battle;
 Not an *officer* lost,—only one of the men
 Breathing out all alone the death-rattle.'
2. All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
 Their tents in the ray of the clear, autumn
 moon,
 And the light of the watch-fires gleaming.
 A tremulous sigh from the gentle night-wind
 Through the forest leaves slowly is
 creeping,
 While the stars up above, with their glitter-
 ing eyes,
 Keep watch while the army is sleeping.
3. There's only the sound of the low sentry's
 tread,
 As he tramps from the rock to the foun-
 tain,

And he thinks of the two in the lone trundle
bed

Far away in the hut on the mountain.

His musket falls slack ; his face, dark and
grim,

Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for his children
asleep,

For their mother,—may Heaven defend
her !

4. The moon seems to shine as serenely as
then,

That night when the love, yet unspoken,
Leapt up to his lips, and when low-murmured
vows

Were pledged, never more to be broken.
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his
eyes,

He dashes the tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

5. He passes the fountain, the blasted pine
tree,

His footstep is lagging and weary ;
Yet onward he glides through the broad
belt of light

Towards the shade of a forest so dreary.
Hark ! was it the night-wind that rustled
the leaves ?

Is't the moonlight so suddenly flashing ?

It looked like a rifle—ah! Mary, good-night!

His life-blood is ebbing and dashing.

6. All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound but the rush of the river;
 But the dew falls unseen on the face of the
 dead,—
 The picket's off duty for ever.
-

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

prig, a thief.
oc-cu-py, to fill.
spry, lively, quick.
for-mer, the first named.

sphere, globe, world. This
 word is also used to mean
 one's position in life.
lat-ter, last named.

1. The mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter 'Little prig.'
 Bun replied,
 'You are doubtless very big,
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year,
 And a sphere.

2. 'And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,

You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry :

3. 'I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track ;



Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.'

ROBINSON CRUSOE SAVES 'FRIDAY.'

PART I.

can-oe, an Indian boat.
dis-com-fort-ed, made uncomfortable.
per-plex-ed, puzzled.
post-ure, position of the body.
clamb-er, to climb.
per-spec-tive, relating to the sight.
ges-ture, a motion of the body.

vic-tim, one slaughtered.
hal-loo-ed, called out loudly.
in-spire, to breathe in.
slaugh-ter, to kill with shedding of blood.
hab-i-tation, a dwelling.
pur-sue, to follow.
per-ceive, to see.
beck-on, to call by signs.

1. I was surprised, one morning early, with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together, on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight.

2. Seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures—to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle perplexed and discomforted.

3. However, I put myself into the same posture for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action, if anything had presented.

I waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise.

4. At length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clam-

bered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual; standing so, however, that



my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me.

5. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that the savages were no less than 30 in number; that they had a fire kindled; and that they had meat dressed. How they had cooked it I knew not, nor what it was; but they were

all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

6. While I was thus looking on them, I

saw two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they had been laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club, or wooden sword (for that was their way); while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him.

7. At that very moment this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, and unbound, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with wonderful swiftness along the sands, directly towards me—I mean, towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

8. I was dreadfully frightened, I must say, when I saw him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him; and still more was I cheered when I found that he beat them in running; so that, if he could but hold on for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

9. There was, between them and my castle, the creek which I mentioned often in the first part of my story, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship. This, I saw plainly, he would be bound to swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there.

10. But when he came thither he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up, but, plunging in, swam through in thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness.

11. When the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no further, and soon after went softly back again ; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the end. I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long in swimming over the creek, as the fellow had been that fled from them.

12. It came now very strongly upon my thoughts, that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life.

13. I immediately ran down the ladder with all possible speed, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of it, as I observed above, and getting up again with the same haste, to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea, and having a very short cut, and all down hill, placed myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued.

14. I then hallooed to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first, perhaps, as much frightened at me as at them ; but I beckoned

with my hand to him to come back. In the meantime I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my gun.

15. I was loth to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard; and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

Sco-tia, Scotland.

sav-age, wild.

fer-tile, fruitful.

be-reft, deprived of.

so-journ-ing, dwelling in a place.

Ma-vour-neen, my darling.

em-er-ald, green.

lave, to wash.

guile, evil.

de-file, to soil, to corrupt.

grand-eur, beauty.

1. Though lofty Scotia's mountains,
Where savage grandeur reigns;
Though bright be England's fountains,
And fertile be her plains;
When 'mid their charms I wander,
Of thee I think the while,
And seem of thee the fonder,
My own Green Isle!
2. While many who have left thee
Seem to forget thy name,
Distance hath not bereft me
Of its endearing claim:

Afar from thee sojourning,
Whether I sigh or smile,
I call thee still 'Mavourneen,'—
My own Green Isle!

3. Fair as the glittering waters
Thy emerald banks that lave,
To me thy graceful daughters,
Thy generous sons as brave.
Oh! there are hearts within thee
Which know not shame nor guile,
And such proud homage win thee—
My own Green Isle!

4. For their dear sakes I love thee,
Mavourneen, though unseen;
Bright be the sky above thee,
Thy shamrock ever green;
May evil ne'er distress thee,
Nor darken nor defile,
But Heaven for ever bless thee—
My own Green Isle!

ROBINSON CRUSOE SAVES 'FRIDAY.'

PART II.

pur-su-er, one who runs after another.

ad-vance, to go forward.

a-pace, quickly.

ne-ces-si-ta-ted, compelled.

fu-gi-tive, one who runs away.

en-cour-age, to cheer.

rais-ins, dried grapes.

come-ly, good-looking.

count-en-ance, the face.

vi-vac-ity, liveliness.

slum-ber, to sleep lightly.

en-clo-sure, a place surrounded by a wall or fence.

ges-tures, motions of the body.

sub-jec-tion, state of being in the power of another.

ser-vi-tude, slavery.

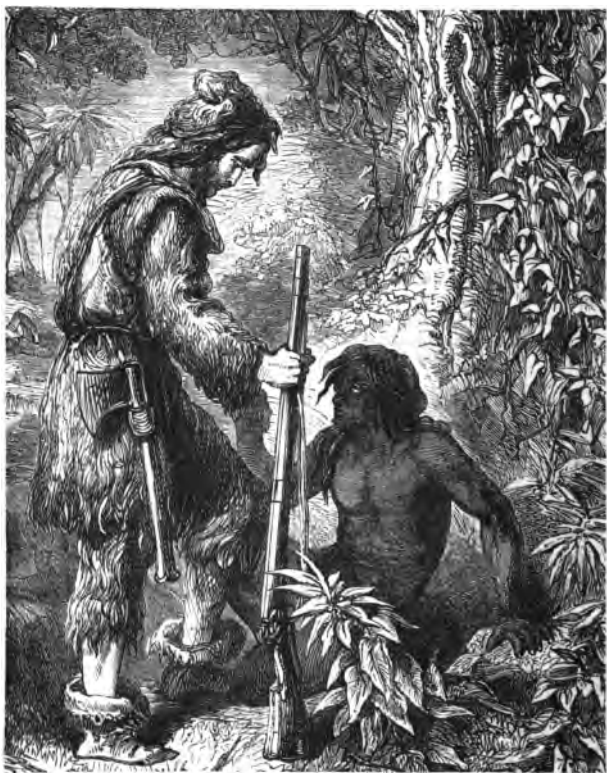
im-a-gin-a-ble, that which one can imagine.

1. Having knocked this fellow down, the other pursuer stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced apace towards him. But, as I came nearer, I perceived presently that he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then obliged to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

2. The poor fugitive had now stopped; but though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet he was so frightened with the fire and noise of my gun, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to flee than to come on.

3. I hallooed again, and made signs to him to come forward, which he easily understood,

and came a little way; then stopped again; and then a little farther, and stopped again.



'I took him up.'

4. I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and were just about to be killed, as his two ene-

mies had been. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of.

5. He came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for having saved his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head on it, and taking me by the foot, set my foot on his head.

6. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. I carried him, not to my castle, but away to my cave on the farther part of the island.

7. There I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice-straw and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep on myself sometimes.

8. So the poor creature lay down and went to sleep. He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs. He was tall and well-shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age.

9. He had a very good countenance,—not a

fierce and surly aspect ; but he seemed to have something very manly in his face ; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool ; his forehead was very high



‘ Robinson Crusoe at home with Friday.’

and large ; and there was a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes.

10. After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he awoke again, and came out of the cave to me ; for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure close by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again on the

ground, with all the possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition, making a great many gestures to show it.

11. At last he laid his head flat on the ground, close to my feet, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and, after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived.

12. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me. First, I let him know his name should be 'Friday,' which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to say 'Master,' and then let him know that was to be my name.

13. I likewise taught him to say 'Yes' and 'No,' and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him; and I put some bread in it, and gave him a cake of bread to do the like; which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

14. I kept there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes, at which he seemed very glad.

THE LOSS OF THE 'ROYAL GEORGE.'

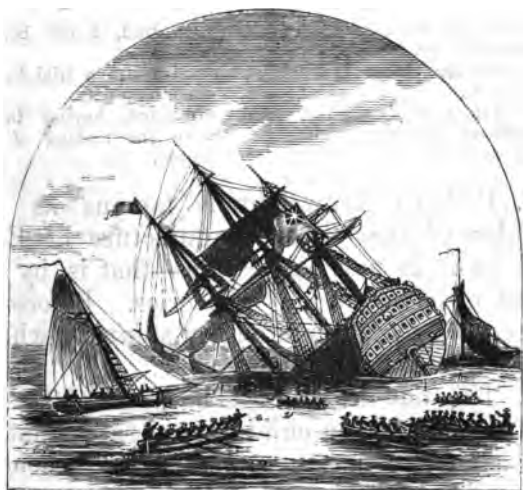
fast, close by.
heel, lean over on one side.

shrouds, the ropes which sup-
port a ship's masts.

1. Toll for the brave,
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.
2. Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.
3. A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the ' Royal George '
With all her crew complete.
4. Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfeldt is gone :
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
5. It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

6. His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfeldt went down
With twice four hundred men.

7. Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !



'Down went the "Royal George."'

And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

8. Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

9. But Kempenfeldt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.
-

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

de-nounc-ed, threatened.
en-hanc-ed, increased.
in-no-va-tion, change in usual
 custom.
pri-va-tions, need, poverty.
sub-ter-ra-ne-an, under-
 ground.

trun-dle-bed, a low bed on
 wheels.
ex-per-i-ment, a trial to find
 something out.
me-chan-ics, having to do
 with the making of ma-
 chines.

1. Richard Arkwright is famous as the founder of the cotton manufacture of England as it is now carried on—that is, by the aid of machines in large factories. Before his day cotton-yarn was spun by spinning wheels at the homes of the workpeople.

2. This famous man was born in 1732. He was one of thirteen children, and, as his father was a poor man, he was never sent to school. When he became a man Richard set up for himself as a barber. He, however, spent most of his time in whetting his razors on a long piece of leather, and in keeping the hot water and the soap ready for customers who seldom or never came.

3. As he sat one night, before tumbling into his trundle-bed, meditating on the hardness of the times, a bright idea struck him. If he

could not get customers to come to him to be shaved for twopence—then the standard charge—it occurred to him that they might be induced to try his powers if he asked a lower fee.

4. Accordingly, the next morning, he hung the following notice in large letters on his sign-pole—

COME TO THE
SUBTERRANEAN BARBER!

HE SHAVES FOR A PENNY!!

5. A number of people, tickled with the originality of the placard, and not unmindful of the penny saved, began to patronise the 'Subterranean Barber;' and he soon drew so many customers away from the high-priced shops that they were obliged to come down, after a while, to a penny as well.

6. Not to be outdone, Arkwright lowered his charge again, and put up another notice:—

'A CLEAN SHAVE FOR A HALFPENNY!'

and so retained his rank as the cheapest barber in the place.

7. About the year 1760, being then nearly thirty years of age, Arkwright got tired of the shaving, which brought him but a very scanty livelihood, and resolved to try his fortune in a trade where there was more scope for his activity.

8. He therefore began business as a dealer in hair, travelling up and down the country

to collect it, dressing it himself, and then disposing of it in a prepared state to the wig-makers.

9. He succeeded so well, that in a short time he was able to lay by a little money and to marry. He was very fond of spending what leisure time he had in making experiments in mechanics; and for a while he was very much taken up with an attempt to solve the attractive problem of perpetual motion.

10. Although he of course left the question unsolved, the bent thus given to his thoughts had most valuable results.

Living in the midst of a manufacturing population, Arkwright was accustomed to hear daily complaints of the difficulty of procuring sufficient yarn to keep the looms employed, and of the restriction thus placed on the manufacture of cotton goods.

11. Being of a mechanical turn, he was led to think how the difficulty might be lessened, if not got rid of altogether.

Arkwright, assisted by a clock-maker of the name of Kay, soon became so engrossed in his new task, and so confident of success, that he began to neglect his regular business.

12. All his thoughts, and nearly all his time, were given up to the great work he had taken in hand. His trade fell off; he spent all his savings in buying materials for models, and in getting them put together; and he got into very poor circumstances.

13. His wife reasoned with him on what she considered his foolishness, but in vain; and one day, in a rage at what she believed to be the cause of all their privations, she broke some of his models. Such an outrage was more than Arkwright could bear, and they separated.

14. In 1768, Arkwright, having finished the model of a machine for spinning cotton thread, removed to Preston. At this time he had hardly a penny in the world and was almost in rags. On the occasion of a contested election, the party with whom he voted had to supply him with a decent suit of clothes before he could present himself at the polling-booth.

15. He got leave, however, to set up his machine in the dwelling-house attached to the Free Grammar School; but, afraid of the hostility of the spinners, he thought it best to leave Lancashire, and go to Nottingham.

16. Poor and friendless, it may easily be supposed that Arkwright found it a hard matter to get any one to back him in a speculation which people then regarded as hopeless. He at length succeeded in convincing Messrs. Need & Strutt, stocking-weavers in the place, of the value of his invention, and induced them to enter into partnership with him.

17. In 1769 he took out a patent for the spinning-frame as its inventor, and a mill,

worked by horse-power, was erected for spinning cotton by the new machine.

In a year or two, the success of Arkwright's invention was fairly established.

18. The manufacturers were fully alive to its importance; and Arkwright now reaped the reward of all the toil and danger he had undergone, in the shape of a disgraceful attempt to rob him of his patent rights.

19. Besides trying to defraud him, the rival manufacturers did their best to stop the use of the yarns he made, although they were much superior to those made by them. Arkwright retaliated by working up his own yarn into stockings and calicoes; which became a very profitable business.

20. For the first five years Arkwright's mills yielded little or no profit; but after that, the adverse tide against which he had struggled so bravely turned, and he followed a prosperous and honourable career till his death. He died in 1792, leaving a fortune of about half a million sterling.

HOME! SWEET HOME!

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home!

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
there,
Which, sought through the world, is ne'er
met with elsewhere.
Home ! sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home !



'Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.'

2. An exile from home, splendour dazzles in
vain !
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again ;

The bird singing gaily that came at my
call ;

Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer
than all.

Home ! sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

de-crep-it, broken down, in-
firm.

lan-guid, exhausted.

mis-ery, wretchedness.

mon-u-ment, memorial.

nim-bly, actively

pal-sied, paralysed,

pa-tient, enduring,

pen-sive, thoughtful.

per-suad-ed, induced.

plea-sure, satisfaction.

sin-cere, honest.

sol-emn, serious.

sooth-ing, calming.

un-al-ter-ed, unchanged.

vig-or-ous, healthy.

wan-der-ings, journeyings.

1. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life ; not one who had lived, and suffered death.

2. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. ' When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the

sky above it always.' These were her words.

3. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

4. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes, the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care—at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

5. The old man held one languid arm in his and the small tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked in agony to those who

stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

6. She was dead, and past all help or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday, could know her no more.

7. 'It is not,' said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent—'it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?'

8. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her wanderings with the old man.

9. They were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she often said, 'God bless you!' with great fervour. Waking, she never wan-

dered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

10. Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck.

11. She had never murmured or complained, but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest, and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

12. The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be.

13. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

14. Up to that time the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favourite,

he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

15. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad—to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

16. And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as to a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb.

17. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

18. Along the crowded path they bore her now—pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

19. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the coloured window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

20. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath—many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

21. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night,

but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old walls.

22. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

23. Then when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

glee, joy, gladness.

In-di-an, the name given to the early inhabitants of America.

Spain, a hilly country in the south-west of Europe, famous for its vineyards.

sev-er-ed, divided, cut off from each other.

It-a-ly, a country in the south of Europe.

min-gled, mixed with one another.

1. They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee ;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.
2. The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?
3. One, 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.
4. The sea, the blue lone sea hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.
5. One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

6. And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
 The last of that bright band.
7. And parted thus, they rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee.
8. They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth ;
 Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,
 And nought beyond, O earth !
-

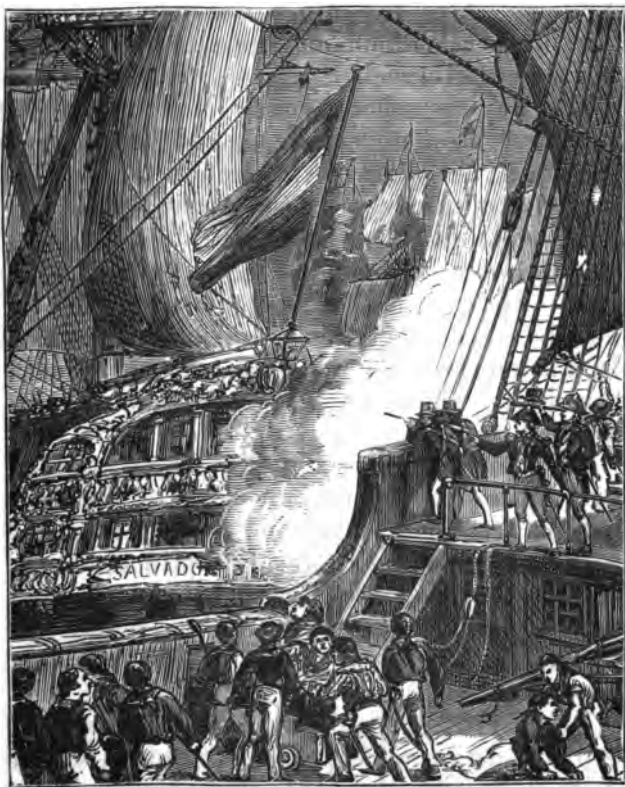
THE GREAT ADMIRAL.

am-bi-tion, desire of power.
 en-gage-ment, battle.
 ex-pe-di-tion, undertaking.
 in-spir-ed, caused.
 com-bin-ed, joined.
 ob-sti-nate, stubborn.
 per-se-vere, to go on.
 pro-long, to continue.

pro-mo-tion, advancement.
 pur-sue, to chase.
 re-pri-mand-ed, scolded.
 squad-ron, a number of ships.
 sub-se-quent, following.
 un-ri-val-led, unequalled.
 vet-er-an, experienced warrior.
 in-ter-red, buried.

1. A little boy, enticed by the flower and the butterfly, had strayed to a considerable distance from home. His long absence excited the alarm of his friends, and they set out in search of him. They found the little truant sitting calmly by the side of a rapid stream, which he was unable to cross.

2. On being taken home his grandmother reproved him for venturing alone so far from



‘ At the Battle of St. Vincent.’

his friends. ‘I wonder,’ said she, ‘that fear did not drive you home.’ ‘Fear, grandmamma,’

replied the child ; ' I never saw fear ; what is it ? ' This boy was Horatio Nelson.

3. Nelson was born in 1758 in a village in Norfolk, where his father was a clergyman. His brother William and he attended school together at Norwich.

On leaving school young Nelson entered the navy as a midshipman ; and at the age of fifteen he sailed with Captain Phipps on a voyage of discovery to the Arctic Ocean.

4. One night the young hero stole from the ship, and set off over the ice in pursuit of a bear. He was soon missed, and his comrades became exceedingly alarmed for his safety. In the morning he was seen struggling with the bear, which he had wounded with a musket shot.

5. The captain, seeing his danger, fired a gun, which had the desired effect of frightening the ferocious beast ; and the boy returned to the ship. He was sternly reprimanded for his conduct, and asked why he had exposed himself to such danger. ' Sir,' he replied, ' I wished to kill the bear that I might carry his skin to my father.'

6. In 1797 he took an active part in the brilliant action off Cape St. Vincent, in which Admiral Jervis defeated the Spanish fleet. For his services on that occasion he was again promoted ; and in the following year he was sent with a squadron to attack the fort of Santa Cruz in the island of Teneriffe. In this

expedition he was severely wounded, and his right arm had to be cut off.

7. The eyes of all Europe were at this time fixed on Napoleon Bonaparte, who, after conquering Italy, had fitted out a large fleet and embarked an army of veteran soldiers, with whom he set sail for Egypt, on the 20th May, 1798. Nelson was sent in pursuit, and overtook the enemy in the bay of Aboukir.

8. In an obstinate engagement, that lasted from sunset to daybreak, he crushed for a time the naval power of France. During the action the French flag-ship 'Orient' blew up with the Admiral and his crew of one thousand men. For this splendid success Nelson was rewarded with the title of Lord Nelson of the Nile.

9. In 1805 France and Spain combined their fleets to chase the ships of England from the seas. Nelson was ready and anxious to encounter them. For some time he scoured the seas in a vain search for the enemy; but, at length, on the 21st October, the combined fleets, formed in close line of battle, were seen off Cape Trafalgar.

10. Though greatly inferior in numbers, Nelson resolved to begin the attack; and soon there appeared at the mast-head of his ship, the 'Victory,' the memorable signal, 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' In the heat of the action Nelson was struck by a rifle bullet from the enemy's rigging, and fell mortally wounded.

11. He was carried from the deck, and died before the day was over. When informed that his fleet was victorious, he said, 'Thank God, I have done my duty !' and expired without a groan, leaving a name unrivalled even in the glorious annals of the English navy.

His remains were conveyed to England, and interred with princely honours in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Bri-tan-ni-a, a personal name given to Britain.

Tra-fal-gar, a cape of Spain at the entrance of the Strait of Gibraltar.

1. O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief
 oppressed,
 Britannia mourns her hero now at rest :
 But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade
 with years
 Whose leaves are watered by a nation's
 tears.
2. 'Twas in Trafalgar's bay
 We saw the Frenchmen lay ;
 Each heart was bounding then.
 We scorned the foreign yoke,
 Our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men.
 Our Nelson marked them on the wave ;
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,

Nor thought of home or beauty :
Along the line the signal ran—



‘ At last the fatal wound.

‘ England expects that every man
This day will do his duty !’

3. And now the cannon roar
Along the affrighted shore,—
Our Nelson led the way :
His ship the ' Victory' named,
Long be that victory famed,
For victory crowned the day !
But dearly was that conquest bought ;
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty :
He cried, as ' midst the fire he ran,
' England expects that every man
' This day will do his duty !'
4. At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast received.
' Heaven fights on our side,
The day's our own,' he cried ;
' Now long enough I've lived.
In honour's cause my life was past,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty.'
Thus ending life, as he began,
England confessed that every man
That day had done his duty.
-

THE ELEPHANT.

quad-ru-peds, animals with four feet.

for-mid-a-ble, to be feared.

pro-tec-tion, safety.

com-mu-ni-ty, a number living together.

prin-ci-pal-ly, almost entirely.

en-dur-ance, being able to bear fatigue well.

fi-del-i-ty, faithfulness.

do-cil-i-ty, gentleness.

sa-ga-ci-ty, wisdom.

cour-age, bravery.

ob-serv-ing, seeing.

im-ped-i-ment, that which hinders.

un-wiel-dy, bulky.

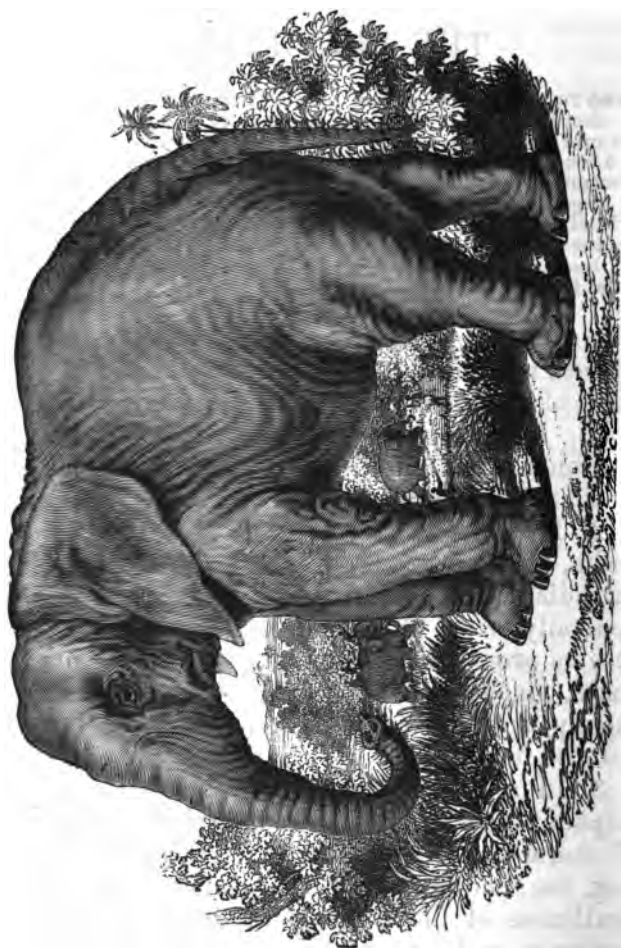
trans-port, to carry from place to place.

1. The elephant is the largest of the quadrupeds, as well as the strongest, and yet in a state of nature it is neither fierce nor formidable. It never abuses its power or its strength, and only uses its force for its own protection, or that of its community.

2. The elephant is found principally in India, Ceylon, and South Africa. Elephants in India are chiefly tame, but in South Africa generally wild. From the latter country we receive every year a large supply of elephants' tusks, much valued for their ivory, which is mostly used at Sheffield in making the best handles for knives.

3. In addition to its bodily strength, the elephant presents many remarkable features of character. It unites the fidelity of the dog, the endurance of the camel, and the gentleness of the horse, with great sagacity, prudence, and courage.

4. When wild, the elephant lives in herds in



THE ELEPHANT.

dense forests near some stream or lake. Its natural food consists of grass, tender shoots, and various leaves; but it is very fond of sugar-canes, when it can obtain them.

5. The senses of smell, hearing, sight and touch, excel those of perhaps any other animal of the brute creation. Its powers of mind are not less well developed than its senses. Obedience, love for its master, docility, remembrance of ill or good deeds done to it, are marked features in the character of this animal.

6. The elephant is seldom so happy as when paddling about in the water. He is a capital swimmer, and can cross a broad river with perfect ease; but he sometimes prefers to walk across with his entire body under water, and only the tip of his trunk above the surface for the purpose of breathing.

7. In ancient times elephants were trained to take part in war. Small turrets filled with men used to be carried by these animals into the battle-field; and from their elevated position the warriors would discharge arrows and darts into the ranks of the enemy.

8. An English officer relates the following interesting story of the fidelity of the elephant: 'I have often seen the wife of a camp follower give a baby in charge of an elephant, while she went out on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse.'

9. 'The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie in one position, would, as soon as left to itself, begin crawling about. It would get amongst the legs of the animal or entangled in the branches of trees on which the elephant was feeding.'

10. 'The elephant would every now and then disengage its charge in the most tender manner, either by lifting it out of the way with its trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress.

11. 'The elephant was chained by the leg to a peg that was driven in the ground, and if the child crawled beyond the length of its chain it would stretch out its trunk, and lift the child back to its place as tenderly as possible.'

12. Some of you may, no doubt, have had a ride upon an elephant. It is often used for this purpose in India. Two or three persons take their seat in a *howdah*,—something like the body of a small gig,—which is strapped on to the back of the animal; and a conductor sits astride upon its neck, and directs its movements by his voice and heels, aided by a kind of spike or goad.

13. Another gentleman gives a pleasing account of an elephant upon which he took many long journeys:—

'If ever I wished to enjoy a prospect or to sketch, the docile creature would stand perfectly still till my drawing was finished; if I wished for ripe mango-fruit which was grow-

ing out of my reach, the elephant would select the most fruitful branch, break it off, and offer it with his trunk.

14. 'Whenever I gave him some of the fruit for himself, he used to thank me by raising



Elephant with Howdah.

his trunk three times over his head, making a gentle murmuring noise as he did so. When branches of trees came in my way, he broke them off by twisting his trunk around them.

15. 'Often did he break off a leafy bough

for himself and use it as a fan to keep off the flies, waving it to and fro with his trunk. When I was at breakfast in the morning, he always came to the tent door to be cheered by my praise and caresses, and to be rewarded with fruit and sugar-candy.'

16. In India, elephants are used in warfare, and are mostly employed in the transport of artillery, their great strength and intelligence being especially useful in taking the cannon up steep roads and through difficult passes.

17. On one of these occasions an elephant was drawing up a big gun, and on the box, a little in front of the wheel, sat an artilleryman resting himself. An elephant drawing another gun came up in regular order behind. Whether from over-fatigue, or the heat of the day, the man fell from his seat, and the wheel of the carriage, with a heavy gun, was just rolling over him.

18. The elephant behind seeing this, and being unable to reach the man with its trunk, seized the wheel by the top, and lifted it up, passing it carefully over the body of the fallen man, and then put it down on the other side.

THE CHILD AND THE HIND.

hind, a female deer.

Wies-ba-den, capital of Nas-sau.

Nas-sau, a German state.

deck, to ornament.

en-twin-ed, twisted round.

glad-some, full of gladness.

cher-u-bim, plural of cherub,
an angel.

cull, to choose from others.

al-ley, a narrow passage.

lur-ed, enticed.

riv-u-let, a small river.

me-an-der, to wind about.

kith, relations.

for-lorn, forsaken.

a-ban-don-ed, given up.

hap-ly, by chance.

ar-ti-zan, a skilled workman.

1. Come, maids and matrons, to caress
Wiesbaden's gentle hind ;
And smiling, deck its glossy neck
With forest flowers entwined.
2. 'Twas after church—on Ascension day—
When organs ceased to sound,
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay
The deer-parks pleasant ground.
3. Here came a twelve years' married pair —
And with them wandered free
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair,
A gladsome sight to see !
4. Their Wilhelm, little innocent !
The youngest of the seven,
Was beautiful as painters paint
The cherubim of heaven.
5. By turns he gave his hand, so dear,
To parent, sister, brother,
And each, that he was safe and near,
Confided in the other.

6. But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
 With love beyond all measure ;
 And culled them with as keen delight
 As misers gather treasure.
7. Unnoticed he contrived to glide
 Adown a greenwood alley,
 By lilies lured—that grew beside
 A streamlet in the valley.
8. And there, where under beech and birch
 The rivulet meandered,
 He strayed, till neither shout nor search
 Could track where he had wandered.
9. Still louder, with increasing dread,
 They called his darling name ;
 But 'twas like speaking to the dead—
 An echo only came.
10. Hours passed, till evening's beetle roams,
 And blackbird's songs begin ;
 Then all went back to happy homes,
 Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.
11. The night came on—all others slept
 Their cares away till morn ;
 But sleepless all night watched and wept
 That family forlorn.
12. Betimes the town-crier had been sent
 With loud bell up and down ;
 And told th' afflicting accident
 Throughout Wiesbaden's town.

13. The news reached Nassau's Duke—ere earth
Was gladdened by the lark,
He sent a hundred soldiers forth
To ransack all his park.
14. But though they roused up beast and bird
From many a nest and den,



'To sentry his reposing hours.'

- No signal of success was heard
From all the hundred men.
15. A second morning's light expands—
Unfound the infant fair ;
And Wilhelm's household wring their
hands,
Abandoned to despair.

16. But, haply, a poor artizan
 Searched ceaselessly, till he
 Found safe asleep the little one
 Beneath a beachen tree.
17. His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers ;
 And—true, though wondrous—near,
 To sentry his reposing hours,
 There stood a female deer.
18. Who dipped her horns at all that passed
 The spot where Wilhelm lay,
 Till force was had to hold her fast,
 And bear the boy away.
19. Hail ! sacred love of childhood—hail !
 How sweet it is to trace
 Thine instinct in Creation's scale,
 E'en 'neath the human race !
20. To this poor wanderer of the wild,
 Speech, reason, were unknown—
 And yet she watched a sleeping child
 As if it were her own !

HOW OUR COINS ARE MADE.

moat, a deep trench round a castle, sometimes filled with water. cru-ci-ble, an earthen pot for melting metals, &c. gi-gan-tic, enormous.	tre-mend-ous, very great. vast, large, of great extent. grav-el-led, covered with sand and small stones. de-sign, a plan.
--	---

1. Not far from the famous Tower of London,
 among the busy streets of houses, shops, and

warehouses, there stands a large building of grey stone, with a broad gravelled space in front, and high iron railings along by the street.

2. Inside the railings there is a moat, where—wonder of wonders in the heart of London—water-lilies float on the surface in summer, with their white cups looking up to the smoky sky. At each end of the long row of iron railings are the gates of the Mint, guarded by soldiers.

3. Now let us go in and see how the money is made. We pass the red-coated soldiers—who must be so tired of walking up and down, enter by the gate at the end of the moat where the water-lilies lie, cross the great open space, and entering the building, walk right through it, and out at the back into a yard, which separates the various workrooms from each other.

4. *Melting Room* is painted on the first door that is unlocked for us. We expect to find it very hot inside, but we ourselves don't melt when we go in, though there are seven or eight furnaces here in a long bricked range, the fire in each being hidden from sight by a round cover, and the covers are beginning to grow red-hot, as if the light was shining through them.

5. To-day is to be a day of halfpence. They are melting down copper in those furnaces. When it has been long enough in to be made

liquid by the heat, a man takes off the cover, while another sets machinery in motion, and a crane in the middle of the room swings round its great iron arm into the fiery hole.

6. From the end of this beam the chain hangs down and brings up a heavy crucible out of the furnace full of the molten, glowing



‘In the Mint.’

metal. Round swings the crane again, and lowers it at the place where the metal is to be poured out into the moulds.

7. Then this gigantic pot is turned slightly over, while the moulds are passed one by one

underneath its edge. Out flows the copper like a stream of fire, hissing and scattering sparks. Up rush the flames, three, four feet into the air.

8. The workmen stand by and listen, knowing by the sound of the flow when each mould is full to the top. They are pouring out liquid fire like water pours from a tap. One drop of it would burn to the bone. But the fire is copper, and by and by it will be cold bright halfpence.

9. When the metal cools, it comes out of the moulds in long narrow plates, about the breadth of your hand and the thickness of threepence in coppers. These are taken to the *Rolling Room*, and there, by being passed through several pairs of heavy steel rollers driven by steam, they become about three times as long as they were a little while ago, and only as thick as a halfpenny.

10. Next we go to the *Cutting-out Room*. There, with a thunder of machinery, in which one has to talk at the very top of one's voice to make a word heard, the long thin strips of copper are being passed into a machine, and coming out at the other side with two lines of holes close together all along them, each hole being the size of a halfpenny.

11. In passing through, the pieces are cut out by a heavy blow from a round sharp edge, and they fall down into a locked box underneath, from which they are taken afterwards

—heaps of little pieces of copper-like coins, blank on each side. All the waste copper, the long strips that are now only corners and edges with round holes between, are sent back again to be melted down with the rest in the crucible.

12. Turning to another part of the room, we see a piece of machinery at work, giving to the blank halfpence that raised edge that you will notice on all copper coins. Each in passing out of the machine gets a squeeze, only for a moment, but so strong that the edge is pressed up all round, and it is shot away to make room for another.

13. In this way they slide down the groove, and are sent out with their edges made at the rate of seven hundred in a minute. If the man puts his hand in the way of the stream of flying halfpence he has it full in a few moments. After seeing this process, which is one of the prettiest to watch, we leave the noisy room, and go to another part of the building, to see what is done next with the halfpence.

14. The cutting out and the pressing up of their edges have made them too hard for stamping, so they have to be softened by heating in a blast furnace. Then they are cooled by being thrown into a tank of water, and dried again in sawdust, which is in little tubs on the tables.

15. Now for the last important process, stamping—putting the Queen's head on one side of them and Britannia with her shield, spear, and helmet, on the other. Talk of thunder in the cutting-out room, never was there such thunder of iron, such crashing and banging as here! You might shout as loud as you liked, and all that would be heard would be a low voice, perhaps only a murmur, with a word here and there.

16. Down the whole length of the room are tremendous stamping machines. The stamp itself, or, as it is properly called, the die, is made of steel, and has on it the same design which is to be on the coin, with this difference, that while on the coin it is to be raised out, on the die it is sunken in the metal.

17. Two of these dies are placed in each machine, to mark the two sides of the coin, and it rests on one of them while the other is stamped down upon it like a seal. The blow, which descends with the force of forty tons, thus finishes both sides of the coin at the same moment.

18. But such heavy work wears out the dies themselves in about an hour. The moment they begin to get worn they have to be replaced by new ones, for, of course, a die in the least battered would not make a perfect finely-cut impression on the coins. In this way a great many of them are used in the day, so they have to be made in another part of the

building, and then there are always plenty of new ones at hand as fast as they are wanted.

19. Let us watch the stamping machine a little longer. What a vast structure of iron it is, stretching right up to the ceiling, and doing its work all by itself. Worked by steam power from outside the room, it labours steadily, swiftly, with such a noise as might be if the world was tumbling to pieces.

20. One by one it pushes in the coins between the dies, then, withdrawing the piece of iron that brought it, it drops each there, stamps it, and sends it sliding out finished; and this goes on so fast that there is always one running down into the tray, and another following it, and another just going to come.

21. How bright they are—even brighter than those that you call new, because these are not only fresh from the Mint, but have this very moment been marked with the figure of Britannia, and the head of her Majesty. There is a tray of them here near the stamping press, thousands of halfpence heaped together, glittering like gold.

22. But how were they made so bright? All the blank ones that we saw in sacks in that room where the sawdust was, and freshly made in the cutting room, were as dull as copper nails. It was certainly by that one blow between the dies that they were brightened as

well as stamped. You know that if you scratch a coin the marks shine.

23. Well, this is much the same thing ; for the great force with which these are struck does to the whole of the surface as you do to a part by the sharp pressure of a pin. Or to take the case of making a seal, which this process is very like. When you have poured your sealing-wax upon the paper, and stamp it, you raise the stamp, and find that the impression has a high polish like glass.

24. So it is with stamping the coins, only it is the weight of machinery, driven by steam-power, that marks the cold metal as you can mark hot wax with a seal. The gold and silver coins are made in very much the same way, but with different machinery ; and they, being of precious metals, have to be weighed when they are finished, to see if they contain exactly the right amount.

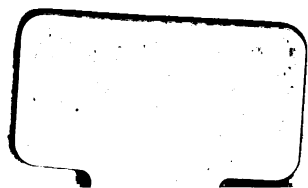
25. In the *Weighing Room* several small machines, encased in glass, are set along the tables, and under each there is a box divided into three partitions. When the machine is working, a pile of shillings is laid along the groove on top of it. All the rest it does by itself.

26. One by one they fall down on the balance, which drops the light coins into one partition of the box below, the heavy ones into another, and all that are of the right weight into a third. Only three or four shillings out of

every hundred are too light or too heavy, and have to be melted down again.

27. The work goes on so fast at the Mint, that, when they are making coppers, they can turn out from five to six hundred pounds' worth in a day.





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